THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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YELLOW FORD NUMBER.

TWO BRAVE VICTORIES.

Those Celebrated by the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County at Ogden Grove Today.

How Hugh O'Neill Overthrew Marshal Bagnal at the Yellow Ford, and Red Hugh O'Donnell Destroyed Clifford at Curlew Pass.

In the month of July, 1597, O'Neill sent messengers to Phelim Mac Hugh, then chief of the O'Byrnes, that he might fall upon the Pale, as they were about to make employment in the North for the troops of Ormond; and at the same time, he detached fifteen hundred men and sent them to assist his ally, O'Moore, who was then besieging Portcloise, a fort of the English in Leix. Then he made a sudden stoop upon the castle of Portmore, which, says Moryson, "was a great eyesore to him, lying upon the cheefe passage into his country," hoping to carry it by assault.

An eye-sore surely, brave O'Neill! and a heart-sorrow, is that accursed fortress of the Blackwater, bristling with Saxon spears—frowning over the green vales of Tyr-owen; the farthest step in the onward march of English power towards the ancient territories of the Kinel Eoghain. And by the souls of Heber and Heremon it shall be swept from the banks of that fair river—razed and abolished from the face of the earth, if there be right arms enough in all Ulster to carry it away stone by stone.

Once and again he essayed to take it by storm: but the fort was powerfully manned and commanded by a skilful officer; and without artillery or the science of attacking fortified places, no progress could be made. The Irish assailed the place with desperate bravery, and tried to force their way by escalade: in vain;—they were shot down or flung headlong from the mound and ramparts. The siege became a blockade; and day after day, week after week, the Irish lay encamped around, and suffered nothing alive or dead to enter or to leave the walls; grimly waiting till famine and hardship should do their work upon the garrison. In the meantime O'Neill had also invested Armagh, and formed an encampment at Mullagh-bane, between that city and Newry, to prevent all relief coming from the South; whilst his brother Cormac, with five hundred men, guarded the approaches near the beleagured walls.

Ormond now perceived that a powerful effort must be made by the English to hold their ground in the North, or Ulster might at once be abandoned to the Irish. Strong reinforcements were sent from England; and O'Neill's spies soon brought him intelligence of large masses of troops moving northward, led by Marshal Sir Henry Bagnal, and composed of the choicest forces in the queen's service. Newry was their place of rendezvous; and early in August, Bagnal found himself at the head of the largest and best appointed army of veteran Englishmen that had ever fought in Ireland. He succeeded in relieving Armagh, and dislodging O'Neill from his encampment at Mullagh-bane, where the chief himself narrowly escaped being taken, and then prepared to advance, with his whole army, to the Blackwater, and raise the siege of Portmore. Williams and his men were by this time nearly famished with hunger: they had eaten all their horses, and had come to feeding on the herbs and grass that grew upon the walls and in the ditches of the fortress. And every morning they gazed anxiously over the southern hills and strained their eyes to see the waving of a red-cross flag, or the glance of English spears in the rising sun.

O'Neill hastily summoned O'Donnell and Mac William to his aid, and determined to cross the marshal's path, and give him battle before he reached the Blackwater. His entire force, on the day of battle, including the Scots and the troops of Connaught and Tyr-connell, consisted of 4,500 foot and 600 horse, and Bagnal's army amounted to an equal number of infantry and 500 veteran horsemen, together with some field artillery, in which O'Neill was wholly wanting. And small as these forces appear, they were the two largest armies, Irish against English, that had met upon this soil since Strongbow's invasion. [An error—ED.] In Bagnal's ranks (a thing most unusual at that period) we find but one Irishman, Maelmorra O'Reilly, surnamed "the Handsome," a disloyal traitor, who fought against his country and his lawful chieftain, and was not ashamed to call himself *the queen's O'Reilly*.

Hugh Roe O'Donnell had snuffed the coming battle from afar, and on Aug. 9 joined O'Neill with the clans of Connaught and Tyr-connell. They drew up their main body about a mile from Portmore, on the way to Armagh, where the plain was narrowed to a pass, enclosed on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by a bog. To arrive at that plain from Armagh the enemy would have to penetrate through wooded hills divided by winding and marshy hollows, in which flowed a sluggish and discolored stream from the bogs; and hence the pass was called Beal-an-atha-buidhe, "the mouth of the yellow ford." Fearfassa O'Clery, a learned poet of O'Donnell's, asked the name of that place, and when he heard it, remembered (and proclaimed aloud to the army) that St. Bercan had foretold a terrible battle to be fought at a yellow ford, and a glorious victory to be won by the ancient Irish. —Besides, are they not heretics, these English? and hath not Moran the son of Maoin said that "Nought prevails in battle so powerfully as the Truth?" Even so, Moran, son of Maoin! And for thee wisest poet, O'Clery! thou hast this day served thy country well: for, to an Irish army, auguries of good were more needful than a commissariat; and their bards' songs, like the Dorian flute of Greece, breathed a passionate valor that no blare of English trumpets could ever kindle.

Bagnal's army rested that night in Armagh; and the Irish bivouacked in the woods, each warrior covered by his shaggy cloak, under the stars of a summer night:—for to "an Irish rebell," says Edmund Spenser, "the wood is his house against all weathers, and his mantle is his couch to sleep in." But O'Neill, we may well believe slept not that night away;—the morrow was to put to proof what valor and discipline was in that Irish army which he had been so long organizing and training to meet this very hour. Before him lay a splendid army of tried English troops, in full march for his ancient seat of Dungannon, and led on by his mortal enemy. And O'Neill would not have had that host weakened by the desertion of a single man, nor commanded—no, not for his white wand of chieftaincy—by any leader but this his dearest foe. Ah! never had he desired the love of Bagnal's sister with fonder eagerness than now his soul yearned for the heart's blood of her brother. He watched the east and lounged for the glow of morning.

The tenth morning of August [McGee says Aug. 15—ED.] rose bright and serene upon the towers of Armagh and the silver waters of Avonmore. Before day dawned, the English army left the city in three divisions, and at sunrise they were winding through the hills and woods behind the spot where now stands the little church of Grange. The sun was glancing on the corslets and spears of their glittering cavalry; their banners waved proudly, and their bugles rung clear in the morning air; when, suddenly, from the thickets on both sides of their path, a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost ranks. O'Neill had stationed here 500 light-armed troops to guard the defiles; and in the shelter of thick groves of fir-trees they had silently waited for the enemy. Now they poured in their shot, volley after volley, and killed great numbers of the English; but the first division, led by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass, dislodged the marksmen from their position and drove them backwards into the plain. The centre division under Cosby and Wingfield, and the rear-guard led by Cuin and Billing, supported in flank by the cavalry under Brooke, Montacute and Fleming, now pushed forward, speedily cleared the difficult country and formed in the open ground in front of the Irish lines. "It was not quite safe," says an Irish chronicler (in admiration of Bagnal's disposition of his forces), "to attack the nest of griffins and den of lions in which were placed the soldiers of London." Bagnal, at the head of his first division, and aided by a body of cavalry, charged the Irish light-armed troops up to the very entrenchments, in front of which O'Neill's foresight had prepared some pits, covered over with wattles and grass; and many of the English cavalry rushing impetuously forward, rolled headlong, both men and horses, into these trenches and perished.

Still the Marshal's chosen troops, with loud cheers and shouts of "St. George, for merry England!" resolutely attacked the entrenchments that stretched across the pass, battered them with cannon, and in one place succeeded, though with heavy loss, in forcing back their defenders. Then first the main body of O'Neill's troops was brought into action; and with bagpipes sounding a charge, they fell upon the English, shouting their fierce battle-cries, "Lamhdearg!" and "O'Donnell Aboo!" O'Neill himself, at the head of a body of horse, pricked forward to seek out Bagnal amid the throng of battle; but they never met; the marshal, who had done his devoir that day like a good soldier, was shot through the brain by some unknown marksman; the division he had led was forced back by the furious onslaught of the Irish, and put to utter rout; and, what added to their confusion, a cart of gunpowder exploded amid the English ranks and blew many of their men to atoms. And now the cavalry of Tyr-connell and Tyr-owen dashed into the plain and bore down the remnant of Brooke's and Fleming's horse; the columns of Wingfield and Cosby reeled before their rushing charge —while in front, to the war-cry of *Bataillah-Aboo!* the swords and axes of the heavy-armed galloglasses were raging among the Saxon ranks. By this time the cannon were all taken; the cries of "St. George" had failed, or turned into death-shrieks; and once more, England's royal standard sunk before the Red Hand of Tyr-owen.

The last who resisted was the traitor O'Reilly; twice he tried to rally the flying squadrons but was slain in that attempt; and at last the whole of the fine army was utterly routed, and fled pell-mell towards Armagh, with the Irish hanging fiercely on their rear. Amid the woods and marshes all connection and order were speedily lost; and as O'Donnell's chronicler has it, they were "pursued in couples, in threes, in scores, in thirties, and in hundreds," and so cut down in detail by their avenging pursuers. In one spot especially the carnage was terrible, and the country people yet point out the lane where that hideous rout passed by, and call it to this day the "Bloody Loaning." Two thousand five hundred English were slain in the battle and flight, including twenty-three superior officers, besides lieutenants and ensigns. Twelve thousand gold pieces, thirty-four standards, all the musical instruments and cannon, with a long train of provision wagons, were a rich spoil for the Irish army. The confederates had only two hundred slain and six hundred wounded.

Fifteen hundred English found shelter in the city, which was forthwith closely invested by the victorious Irish, and "for three days and three nights nothing passed in or out." On the fourth day they surrendered the place; and although some of the chieftains would have taken cruel revenge upon the unfortunate survivors of the battle, O'Neill's voice prevailed, and they were disarmed and sent in safety to the Pale. Portmore was instantly yielded and its garrison dismissed with the rest.

"Thus," says Camden, "Tyr-owen triumphed according to his heart's desire over his adversary." All Saxon soldiery vanished speedily from the fields of Ulster, and the Bloody Hand once more waved over the towers of Newry and Armagh.

BATTLE OF CURLEW MOUNTAINS.

Sir Conyers Clifford, who was a veteran soldier, and not a courtier, having received his orders from the commander in chief, set forth to execute them at the head of 2,000 men, consisting of 1,400 infantry and Lord Southampton's horse, with some auxiliary cavalry supplied by Clanrickarde, and commanded by Lord Dunkellin. Long beford Clifford was ready to march, O'Donnell and O'Ruarc had intelligence of the intended movement, and were already waiting for him in the mountains of Sligo and Breffni, "chasing wild deer" to pass the time until nobler game should come. Clifford left Boyle and marched northward by the passes of the Corsliabh mountains, till he arrived at a wooded gorge, which the general thought it prudent to explore first with the infantry, leaving his baggage, cavalry and artillery on the plain.

He led the troops himself into the defile, and when he had advanced so far as to make retreat perilous, the bagpipes of the Irish were heard both in front and on every side: the cry of *O'Donnell Aboo!* rung through the hills; and, almost before the English saw an enemy, with the rush of a winter torrent the Clan-Conal was upon them. Clifford's soldiers fought bravely, and sustained the charge like men who knew that to turn their backs was death; but nothing could stand against the fierce onset of O'Donnell's clansmen; Clifford himself and Sir Henry Ratcliffe were slain, and their whole force was soon totally routed and driven back with slaughter into the plain. The cavalry, under Jephson, having now ground where they could act, dashed among the Irish and charged them up to the very skirts of the wood: but after a severe struggle the cavalry also yielded, and the whole army retreated, or rather fled, to Boyle abbey, pursued for three miles by the victorious Irish. Next day a council of war was held in Boyle by the surviving officers, Jephson, Lord Dunkellin and Sir Arthur Savage; and, as they heard that O'Donnell's entire force was at hand, they thought it best to abandon the whole expedition and withdraw their troops into garrison.

This battle of the Corsliabh mountains was followed by the surrender of Sligo to O'Donnell. That place had been held for the English by Theobald Burke "of the Ships" and O'Connor Sligo; but now Burke made sail, with all his ships, for Galway; and O'Connor, having submitted to O'Donnell, was reinstated in his chieftainey, on engaging to assist his countrymen against the English.

Another royal army scattered, like chaff, upon the borders of Ulster: another veteran general slain: the months of summer trifled away; the army wearied by driftless expeditions, disheartened by defeat, and thinned by the Irish battle-axes; these had been hitherto the net result of an enterprise of such pith and moment as the expedition under Lord Essex. Having failed, however, in his military operations, we are next to see his lordship trying negotiation. On O'Neill's invitation he met the chief at the old place of parley, near Dundalk; they were both on horseback at opposite sides of the "ford Ballaclinch;" and O'Neill, ever the flower of courtesy, spurred his horse into the middle of the stream while Essex stood upon the opposite bank. For the present the conference ended in the parties agreeing to a six weeks' truce, each retaining a right to begin hostilities again, upon giving notice to the other fourteen days before.

This notable truce had scarcely been concluded until Essex, taking violently to heart a severe rebuke contained in a letter from the queen, and fuming like a peevish child, suddenly, in the month of September, threw up his Irish command, left all powers of government in the hands of Archbishop Loftus and Sir George Carew—hurried to London, attended by his creature Harrington and some others, and flung himself at the feet of her majesty—a place better suited to him than an Ulster hillside, with dark woods around him, and the Bloody Hand of O'Neill beckoning him onward. How he was received at Greenwich; how the virago queen ordered him into instant arrest; how she stormed and swore at his presumption in daring to quit his post in Ireland without leave asked, what treasons were alleged against him, and how it fared with him thereafter;—all this belongs to English history, not to Irish. Yet one reads with pleasure how the queen spurned from her presence the foolish knight Harrington as he kneeled at her feet and sought to excuse his unfortunate master:—"She catched at my girdle when I kneeled to her," says Harrington, "and swore, 'By God's Son I am no Queen; that man is above me.'" Then she demanded of Harrington a journal which he had been ordered to keep of the transactions in Ireland; and on reading the record of disgrace, said fiercely, "By God's Son ye are all idle knaves and the Lord Deputy worse;"—in which sentiment of her majesty there are few that will not probably concur.

But to return to Ireland: Hugh O'Neill had not been idle. He had renewed his intercourse with Spain; and King Philip II having died in this very month of September, his successor, who appears to have been impressed with a higher idea of the importance of the religious war in Ireland, instantly dispatched two envoys to O'Neill—Don Martin de la Cerda, and Mattheo of Oviedo, the latter of whom was an ecclesiastic and appointed by the Pope to the archbishopric of Dublin. They brought to Ireland papal indulgences for those who should fight against English heresy; and presented O'Neill with a "phœnix plume," blessed by his holiness, and, what was more useful, with 22,000 pieces of gold.

The six weeks' truce made with Essex had expired: and O'Neill sent warning to the queen's council that in fourteen days he would take the field again. In the meantime he marched through the centre of the island, at the head of his troops, to the South;—a kind of royal progress, which he thought fit to call a pilgrimage to Holy Cross: for he was aware that religion was the bond of union among his adherents in Munster, and accordingly appeared there, not in his character of a Celtic chieftain, but rather as the Pope's champion and leader of the Catholic cause. He held princely state at Holy Cross, concerted measures with the Southern lords, and distributed a manifesto announcing himself as the accredited Defender of the Faith. Those chiefs whom he found zealous in the cause he strengthened and encouraged: "from such as he held doubtful," says Stafford, "he took pledges, or detained them prisoners;" put in irons the White Knight and his son-in-law, Donogh Mac Cormac Carty, whom he found trafficking with the enemy; displaced Donal Mac Carthy from the chieftainey of Clan-Carran, and advanced to that dignity Florence Mac Carthy, who was more devoted to the good cause. Those who still held back from the national confederacy, and could not be moved by persuasion, he treated as enemies, wasting their lands and pursuing them with fire and sword, —that so they might be brought to a better mind. One of the most powerful of these refractory lords was the Viscount Barry. O'Neill therefore let loose a body of troops upon his country, took some prisoners, and drove away a spoil of 3,000 and 4,000 horses;—and then, having given him so intelligible a warning, reasoned with him earnestly by letter:

"MY LORD BARRY:—Your impietie to God, crueltie to your soule and bodie, tyrannie and ingratitude both to your followers and country are inexcusable and intolerable. You separated yourselfe from the unitie of Christ's mysticall bodie, the Catholicke church. You know the sword of extirpation hangeth over your head as well as ours, if things fall out other wayes than well; you are the cause why all the nobilitie of the South (from the east part unto the west) you being linked unto each one of them, either in affinitie or consanguinitie, are not linked together to shake off the cruell yoake of heresie and tyrannie, with which our soules and bodies are oppresst. All those aforesaid, depending of your resolution, and relying to your judgment in this common cause of our religion and countrey; you might forsooth with their helpe, (and the rest that are combyned in this holy action), not only defende yourselfe from the incursion and invasion of the English, but also (by God's assistance, who miraculously and above all expectation gave good success to the cause principally undertaken for his glorie, exaltation of religion, next for the restauration of the ruins and preservation of the countrey,) expel them and deliver [them and] us from the most miserable and cruell exaction and subjection, enjoy your religion, saftie of wife and children, life, lands, and goods, which all are in hazard through your folly.—Enter, I beseech you, into the closet of your conscience, and like a wise man weigh seriously the end of your actions, and take advise of those that can instruct you and informe you better than your owne private judgment can leade you unto. Consider and reade with attention and settled mind this discourse I send you; that it may please God to set open your eyes and graunt you a better minde. From the campe this instant, Tuesday, the sixt of March, according to the new computation. I pray you send me the papers I sent you as soon as your honour shall reade the same. O'NEILL."

Lord Barry's answer was spirited; he reminded O'Neill, that he, an Anglo-Irish baron, was altogether differently circumstanced with respect to the Queen of England, from the ancient Celtic race—which indeed was true—"for you shall understand," he says, "that I hold my lordships and lands, immediately under God, of her majesty and her most noble progenitors, by corporal service, and of none other, by very ancient tenor; which service and tenor none may dispense withal but the true possessor of the crown, of England, being now our sovereign lady Queen Elizabeth." He then demands "restitution of his spoil and prisoners;—and after," he continues, "unless you be better advised for your loyalty, use your discretions against me and mine, and spare not if you please, for I doubt not, with the help of God and my prince to be quit with some of you hereafter, though now not able to use resistance. And so wishing you to become true and faithful subjects to God and your prince, I end, at Barry Court, this 26th of February, 1599"—1600.

It does not appear that O'Neill used any further severity towards Barry or his people in consequence of his obstinacy.

All this time the English forces in Munster lay closely shut up in Cork, and a few other garrisons, not daring to keep the field. Sir Warham Saint Leger and Sir Henry Power were now the queen's commissioners for the government of these southern troops until a new Lord President of Munster should be appointed instead of Sir Thomas Norreys; but while O'Neill was in the South their dominion was bounded by the walls of Cork. One day, in this same month of February, 1600, "Tyrone, with his hell-hounds," as an English historian has it, "being not far from Cork," these two functionaries were riding out to take the air, about a mile from the city, accompanied by some officers and gentlemen and a guard of horsemen. Suddenly they were confronted by MacGwire at the head of a patroling party of O'Neill's cavalry; and, on the instant, Sir Warham discharged a pistol at the chieftain of Fermanagh and wounded him mortally; MacGwire, before he fell, struck Saint Leger so crushing a blow with his truncheon upon the head, that he also fell dead from his horse. Save these two, not a blow was struck on either side. The English betook themselves to the city, and ventured abroad more cautiously afterwards.

"The intent of O'Neill's journey," as Moryson tells us, "was to set as great combustion as he could in Munster, and so, taking pledges of the rebels, to leave them under command of one chief head." And now having accomplished his mission there, he turned his face homeward; marched through Ormond, through Westmeath between Athlone and Mullingar, and arrived in his dominions of Ulster without meeting an enemy; although there was then in Ireland a royal army amounting, after all the havoc made in it during the past year, to 14,422 foot and 1,231 horse, well provided with artillery and all military stores.

THE IRELAND OF OUR HOPES.

[To the Editor.]

Every Irishman, imbued with the love of country, must have formed for himself a mental picture of the Ireland of his hopes. He would see her no longer poor, object, slandered and coerced; but crowned and enthroned as an independent state of the world. He would see her sons and daughters prosperous and happy and honored among the nations. He would see her commerce revive, her lands well tilled, her law courts administering justice instead of the secret behests of the foreigner. Over her chief cities would wave the Irish flag, and on all the high seas the same emblem would flutter in the breeze. This is the Ireland of our dreams—great, glorious, and free. This is the ideal Ireland that through success and failure—through the horrors of famine and the terrors of civil war—we have ever kept steadily before us. She is not conquered yet! She is not dead. Our hopes have been deferred but not abandoned. We have pursued through seven centuries the purpose to redeem her from oppressive power, and we do not flinch or falter from our hereditary resolve. We will realize the ideal Ireland yet! We have known an "Old Ireland" and a "Young Ireland," we shall yet realize the "New Ireland" of our affections, the patriotic ideal towards which our true hearts ever lead us on. W.

Glimpses of Gettysburg.

The young man of today cannot pay even a flying visit to Gettysburg without becoming convinced that the glory of the United States is not due to any one race, and as a result of that visit the flag that floats over him will have a deeper significance. At Gettysburg nearly every section of the world was represented. Englishmen, Irishmen, Dutchmen, Germans, Poles and others fought by the side of those who claimed a birthright for generations in the United States. Some of these men could hardly speak the language of the country they were defending, and had been residents of it but a short time. On many there was no obligation to shoulder muskets and march to the front, and they might have escaped had they so desired. Some will declare that these men had absorbed no portion of patriotism, but while it is doubtless true that mercenary motives induced some to enter the ranks, that charge cannot be fairly laid at the door of the great majority. The "pauper labor of Europe" has been charged with many things, but it has yet to plead guilty to embracing the opportunity of undergoing the horrors of a protracted war, and of being used as a target for Confederate gunners, for the stupendous remuneration of $13 a month and found."—*Thomas J. Feeney, in Donahoe's for August.*

PREMIUM NOTICE

The majority of our subscribers have been billed within the last few weeks. It is to their advantage to remit at once, and receive as a premium, a handsome map of Ireland absolutely free of charge. This offer is open to all alike. The homes of many of our subscribers are without such a map, and THE CITIZEN gives its readers an opportunity to have them remain so no longer. Remember this offer holds good only until Aug. 20.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

BATTLE OF BEAL-AN-ATH-BUIDH.

(Aug. 15, 1598).

BY WILLIAM DRENNAN.

By O'Neill close beleaguer'd, the spirts might droop
Of the Saxon—three hundred shut up in their coop,
Till Bagenal drew forth his Toledo, and swore,
On the sword of a soldier to succor Portmore.

His veteran troops, in the foreign wars tried—
Their features how bronz'd, and how haughty their stride—
Stept steadily on; it was thrilling to see
That thunder-cloud brooding o'er Beal-an-atha-buidh.

The flash of their armor, inlaid with fine gold,—
Gleaming matchlocks and cannon that mutteringly roll'd—
With the tramp and the clank of those stern cuirassiers,
Dyed in blood of the Flemish and French cavaliers.

And are the mere Irish, with pikes and with darts—
With but glibb-cover'd heads, and but rib-guarded hearts—
Half-naked, half-fed, with few muskets, no guns—
The battle to dare against England's stout sons?

Poor Bonnochts, and wild Gallowglasses, and Kern—
Let them war with rude brambles, sharp furze, and dry fern;
Wirrastrue for their wives—for their babes ochanie,
If they wait for the Saxon at Beal-an-atha-buidh.

Yet O'Neill standeth firm—few and brief his commands—
"Ye have hearts in your bosoms, and pikes in your hands:
Try how far ye can push them, my children, at once;
Fag-a-Bealach!—and down with horse, foot, and great guns.

They have gold and gay arms—they have biscuit and bread;
Now, sons of my soul, we'll be found and be fed;"
And he clutch'd his claymore, and—"look yonder," laughed he,
"What a grand commissariat for Beal-an-ath-buidh."

Near the chief, a grim tyke, an O'Shanaghan stood,
His nostril dilated seemed snuffing for blood;
Rough and ready to spring, like a wiry wolf-hound
Of Ierne, who, tossing his pike with a bound,

Cried, "My hand to the Sassenach! ne'er may I hurl
Another to earth if I call him a churl!
He finds me in clothing, in booty, in bread—
My chief, won't O'Shanaghan give him a bed?"

"Land of Owen, aboo!" and the Irish rush'd on—
The foe fir'd but one volley—their gunners are gone;
Before the bare bosoms the steel coats have fled,
Or, despite casque or corselet, lie dying and dead.

And brave Harry Bagenal, he fell while he fought
With many gay gallants—they slept as men ought:
Their faces to heaven—there were others, alack!
By pikes overtaken, and taken aback.

And my Irish got clothing, coin, colors, great store,
Arms, forage, and provender—plunder go leor!
They munch'd the white manchets—they champ'd the brown chine,
Fuilleluah! for that day, how the natives did dine!

The chieftain looked on, when O'Shanaghan rose,
And cried, "Hearken O'Neill! I've a health to propose—
To our Sassenach hosts!" and all quaff'd in huge glee.
With "Cead mile failte go, Beal-ath-an-buidh!"

"Bonnocht," a billeted soldier: "Wirrastrue." A Mhuire as truagh. Oh! Mary, what sorrow! "Fag-a-Bealach!" Clear the way. "Go leor," in abundance. "Fuilleluah," joyous exclamation. "Cead mile failte go," a hundred thousand welcomes to. Beal-an-atha-buidh," pronounced Beal-an-a-bwee.

A Good Appetite and refreshing sleep at this season indicate a condition of bodily health. These are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood and good health follows.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, harmless, effective, do not pain or gripe.

DEATH OF A JURIST.

JUSTICE JACKSON OF THE NATIONAL SUPREME COURT.

He Succumbs to the Destroyer Consumption in His Sixty-Fourth Year—Last Official Service the Hearing of the Income Tax Cases

NASHVILLE Aug. 9.—Hon. Howell Edmunds Jackson, associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, died at his residence at West Meade, six miles west of this city at 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the 64th year of his age, of consumption. Judge Jackson had been in failing health for the past four years, but it had been only in the past eight or nine months that the progress of the disease began to cause his family and friends uneasiness. Last year he went on a lengthy trip to the far west in search of health. Later he went to Thomasville, Ga., where it was hoped the mild and yet bracing climate would restore his one time vigorous constitution. The trip did him little good, and after a time he was brought home. At his old home Judge Jackson seemed to improve slightly until he went to Washington to sit in the second hearing of the income tax cases.

HOWELL E. JACKSON.

Returned to His Home to Die.

He stood that trying trip only fairly well, and after his return home appeared to lose strength rapidly. Nevertheless Judge Jackson never took to his bed until July 31. Since that time his family and friends realized that the end was near, and his death was not unexpected. Judge Jackson was twice married, the first time to Miss Sophia Malloy, daughter of David B. Malloy, a banker of Memphis, who died in 1873. To this union were born four children, as follows: Henry, Mary, William H. and Howell Jackson. Henry Jackson is at present soliciting freight agent of the Southern railway, with headquarters at Atlanta. W. H. Jackson is district attorney of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway at Cincinnati. Howell E. Jackson is manager of the Jackson Cotton mills, at Jackson, Tenn. In 1876 Judge Jackson married Miss Mary E. Harding, daughter of General William G. Harding.

Causes General Sorrow at Nashville.

Of this union three children survive—Misses Elizabeth and Louise Jackson, and Harding A. Jackson. With the exception of Miss Elizabeth Jackson and William H. Jackson, Jr., who are in Europe, the children were at the bedside when the distinguished sufferer passed away. The news of Judge Jackson's death caused general sorrow in this city, where he was so well known and admired. The arrangements for the funeral have not been fully completed, but it is known that it will take place next Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

CAME DOWN WITH A CRASH.

Eight-Story Building at Gotham in Which Eighty-Two Men Were at Work.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Eighty-two men were at work on an eight-story building near the corner of West Third street and South Fifth avenue when the whole building tumbled to ruins. It seems a miracle, but of all these men but two were killed. Six others were badly hurt and at this writing ten are missing.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The list of the victims of the collapse of the building at West Broadway and Third streets is growing. Three more dead have been found—Michael Flynn, Michael O'Hare and Michael Savage. There are nine more men missing, but work in cleaning away the debris is very slow.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.—Four more bodies have been recovered from the ruins of the collapsed building at Third street and West Broadway, swelling the list of known victims of Thursday's disaster to eleven. The latest victims discovered were: James Grosso, John McGuire, Edward Hanley, and an unknown. All were workmen. All day a large gang of workmen was overhauling the ruins, but they worked with the greatest difficulty.

Besides the narrow space between the walls in which was crowded the tons of plaster and twisted iron the lime dust that arose with each pickfall all but blinded them. There was a disagreeable odor, too, and officials of the board of health were kept busy sprinkling the ruins with carbolic acid. Several other men are yet missing and probably dead.

LATER.—Two more bodies—both unrecognizable—have been found in the ruins. This makes thirteen. Seven are on the list of missing and are doubtless dead, which makes the total death roll twenty.

Ocean Vessels in Collision.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 9.—The British ship Prince Oscar, from Liverpool, Captain Henderson, collided in mid-ocean on July 13 with an unknown sailing vessel. Both ships sank in less than ten minutes. Six members of the crew of the Prince Oscar and all on board the unknown vessel were lost. The survivors, seventeen in number, were rescued by the ship Dharwar after being confined in an open boat with neither food nor water for three days. They were transferred to the British steamship Capac, from Pisagua, and brought to this port last night.

Lexington Women Nominated.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 9.—The ladies of Lexington met in massmeeting and nominated four candidates, one from each ward of the city, for the board of education, to be elected at the November election. This is the first time women have been given a right to vote in Kentucky, but their suffrage is restricted to voting for members of the board of education. The meeting was harmonious. It was presided over by Miss Laura Clay, daughter of the ex-minister to Russia, Cassius M. Clay.

Safe Blowers Fire a Building.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 9.—Burglars at Amzonia blew open the safe in the post-office with dynamite and set fire to the building, which was badly damaged before the flames could be extinguished. The robbers got nothing, as the postmaster kept the money and stamps at his home.

SITUATION EXAGGERATED.

Bayle's Report to the Governor on the Spring Valley Trouble.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 10.—Reports from Spring Valley are that the town is peaceful. Just how long the situation will remain peaceful cannot be told. Superintendent Dalzell, of the coal mines at that point, has stated that if any further trouble arises he will discharge every Italian miner employed, and will then employ none but colored workmen, or white men of this country. He declares himself to have had his fill of foreign laborers of a low birth, and will steer clear of that element in the future. Colonel H. E. Bayle, assistant adjutant general I. N. G., who made a thorough investigation of the situation at Spring Valley, has made his report to Governor Altgeld.

He states that the situation was one of a local character and grossly exaggerated by incendiary press dispatches sent from that point to Chicago papers, which aroused public feeling in Cook county and other portions of the state to a degree of war, and had the matter continued a bloody civil war would in all probability have ensued. As it was the matter could have been controlled at any time by the mayor had the correspondents been more practical in their dispatches. The original trouble was caused by a small fight between a negro and an Italian in which other Italians came to the rescue of their brother and severely beat up several colored miners who took a hand in the fight. Had the town marshal arrested all violators of the peace and had them roundly fined in the local courts the matter would not have occasioned the trouble it did.

George Schilling, secretary of the bureau of labor statistics, who had also been sent to Spring Valley to investigate the matter, has wired the governor as follows: "The negroes have gone to work with the whites this morning. Everything quiet. Shall I stay longer?" Governor Altgeld replied that he could use his own judgment about remaining there any longer. During the day Mayor Delmargo wired that the miners had started to work and the colored miners were returning to town and no further trouble was apprehended. The situation was well in his hands and he was amply provided to control the same.

THOUGHT HE HAD KILLED HIS WIFE

And Went Off to the Woods and Finished His Own Career.

CLEVELAND, Aug. 13.—The dead body of August Schissler, aged 60 years, has been found hanging from a tree in the woods near his home in the outskirts of the city. Schissler was a grape grower and resided in Nottingham, a suburb. On Saturday night last Schissler's wife was found lying unconscious in the kitchen of her home. She had three ugly gashes on the head and her skull was fractured.

The husband could not be found and a search was instituted, resulting as told above. Schissler had quarreled with his wife Saturday evening and struck her with a blunt instrument. Thinking her dead he committed suicide. Mrs. Schissler is still unconscious and may die.

Reduced Rates to Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 10.—Colonel. J. H. Shaler, chairman of the committee on transportation of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park dedication, furnishes the following in regard to the reduced railway rates from all points: The rates from Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul and all points in the northwest will be 1 cent a mile. The rates from all points south of the Ohio river will also be 1 cent per mile, and the rates on the eastern lines leading out of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore will be one and one-third fare for the round trip to points where they connect with northwestern and southwestern lines.

Passenger Rates to Fairs.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—The roads in the Western Lines Passenger association have granted a fare and one-third for the following fairs and expositions, rates only applying from points within contiguous territory: Davenport, Ia., Sept. 2-6; LaCrosse, Wis., Sept. 2-7; Oshkosh, Wis., Sept. 9-13; Milwaukee Industrial exposition, Sept. 14, Oct. 12.

A rate of one fare for the round trip has been granted for the following fairs and expositions: Wisconsin state fair, Milwaukee, Sept. 16-21; Sioux City, Ia., Sept. 20-30; Springfield, Ills., 23-28; Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 5-13.

Exports During Last Month.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 12.—A statement prepared by the bureau of statistics, treasury department, gives the amounts of the principal articles of export during the month of July as follows: Mineral oils, $4,942,903; July last year, $2,985,793. Cotton, $1,918,179; last year, $3,121,939. Breadstuffs, $8,300,913; last year, $8,139,593. Provisions, $14,024,683; last year, $14,735,755.

Japan Preparing for Another War.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12.—Japan is evidently preparing for another war. The little island empire wants twenty new warships, and Irving M. Scott will sail for Japan to secure the contracts for building some of the war vessels. San Francisco is the nearest port to Japan where the ships can be built.

Shot at the Altar.

DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 12.—C. McNorton, a mullato coachman, shot Sadie Johnson at the altar. As the preacher was about to pronounce them man and wife she backed out. McNorton exclaimed: "Death or marriage." She turned to flee and he shot her in the back. She is dying. McNorton is in jail.

Tore One Man All to Pieces.

MT. STERLING, Ky., Aug. 13.—The boiler at John Hines' sawmill at Cedar Grove, this county, exploded, killing Hines, his son, and Engineer Smith, and dangerously wounding A. J. Downs. Hines' body was torn all to pieces, part of it being found eighty feet from where the explosion occurred.

One Politician Kills Another.

JACKSON, Miss., 10.—Hon. T. Dabney Marshall of Vicksburg, a member of the state legislature and nominee for state senator, shot and killed Mr. Dinkins, a politician. The shooting occurred at Brandon, fifteen miles from here. Marshall claims that Dinkins had vilely slandered him.

Cherokee Bill Again Sentenced.

FORT SMITH, Ark., Aug. 13.—Cherokee Bill has been sentenced to be hanged on Tuesday, Sept. 10. Judge Parker's remarks were most severe, but they produced no effect on Cherokee Bill. He replied "no, sir," to the question if he had anything to say before sentence was passed.

OMAHA POLICE WRANGLE.

The Judge Renders a Decision That Settles Nothing.

OMAHA, Aug. 12.—Judge Hopewell's decision in the police board injunction case gives the new board prima facie right to office. It also restrains the new board from taking forcible possession. The decree says: "The defendants appointed as fire and police commissioners under the law of 1885, now in force, must be held to have the apparent right and to be entitled prima facie to the offices in question. Such being the case a court of equity will not restrain them from claiming such offices or from proceeding in a peaceable and lawful manner to obtain possession thereof. * * * Title to the office cannot be decided in this suit. The question is, will the court by injunction protect the old board, thus obliging the defendants to bring quo warranto proceedings."

Referring to the suggestions that there might be a conflict between the old and new boards the judge said: "Should anything of the kind happen the responsibility will be with those who precipitate it or incite it, and I take occasion to say here that notwithstanding the views herein expressed as to the rights of the defendants to the possession and occupancy of the offices in question, yet the plaintiffs have the right to remain peaceably in possession and to execute the functions of said office until otherwise ordered in a proper legal proceeding." The excitement was intense when court convened. The room was crowded to suffocation. Every aisle was jammed with spectators, and every available seat was taken. Many prominent politicians and officeholders were on hand.

The hold-over board in conference with the mayor determined upon a continued policy of resistance, and proposes to hold the fort until the supreme court shall pass upon the validity of the new law. The somewhat ambiguous character of the decision has had the effect to confuse the people, who are expecting trouble as a result. More than 100 special policemen are now guarding the central police station, and the guard in the city hall to protect the patrol signal station and the records of the old board has been retained. The members of the new board and their expectant friends are jubilant over the decision. They affirm that no violence will be countenanced, and they hope to see none. Their followers, however, are not so passive.

It is reported that Police Judge Beerka will decline to recognize as lawful arrests made by Chief White's men, and will recognize the authority of the appointees under the new regime. It is also said that Chief Redell, of the fire department, will recognize the new board's authority. The city council has already declared it will vote pay only to the new board and those who recognize its authority. This all looks as if a starvation and freeze-out policy has been agreed upon, and that the new board does not new intend to resort to force to gain possession of the department.

OMAHA, Aug. 13.—The new police commission issued a manifesto last night calling on the regular police commission to surrender the city property. No reply was made to them.

RAGING FLAMES AT LOCKPORT.

Score and a Half of Buildings Destroyed with a Money Loss of $250,000.

LOCKPORT, Ills., Aug. 13.—The fire that so badly scorched this place broke out in the Phoenix building, and it was quickly found that the fire department here was inadequate to cope with the fire, which had started from a stove overturning on the roof of the building where a new roof was in course of construction. Telegrams were immediately sent to Joliet, Lemont and Chicago for assistance. An engine and chemical was sent from Joliet, hose from Lemont, and two engines from Chicago. The engines immediately upon their arrival began to pump from the Illinois and Michigan canal. The fire had gained a terrible headway by this time and raged altogether for four hours before the flames were gotten under control.

The buildings totally destroyed were: McDonald's theatre, O'Brien's saloon, C. H. Bacon & Co.'s drug store, J. F. Fiesmin & Co.'s grocery; the buildings of Z. Landstrum, William Schulz, D. J. Whalen and W. S. Myers; Dr. O. W. Moon's drug store, O. S. Gainer's dry goods store, W. S. Myers' two frame buildings, S. Berger's general store, Thompson's restaurant, Adelman's building, Edward Flavin's saloon, two-story brick owned by Waldrogle, J. A. Donahue's saloon, D. C. Baldwin's two-story brick, O'Connell & Sloan's hardware store, J. S. Alexander's residence, Mrs. J. Sullivan's house, J. S. Finder's store, store occupied by F. S. Hutton, post-office (entirely destroyed, mails all removed), stone schoolhouse of District six, entirely destroyed. A number of other dwellings were also destroyed. Total estimated loss is about $250,000.

MRS. GARDINER AT CHICAGO.

Her Husband Will Consult a Specialist Concerning Her Health.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—Mrs. Annie M. Gardiner, the young woman who disappeared so mysteriously while a delegate to the Boston Christian Endeavor convention, is at the Palmer House in a state of hysteria and is closely watched by a corps of attendants.

Mrs. Gardiner arrived in Chicago in the care of J. W. Landers, who was sent east by her husband to make search for her. She was found at Norwich Green, Conn., where a great deal of persuasion was necessary to induce her to return home. Mrs. Gardiner was met at the station here by her husband, who expects to remain in Chicago a short time to consult a specialist in regard to his wife's health before proceeding to their home in Arcadia, Neb.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Dr. GEORGE F. ROOT of Chicago, noted composer of war songs, at Portland, Me.

JOHN DABST, president of the board of trustees of Eureka college, at Eureka, Ills.

THOMAS BENTON WOOD, prominent citizen of Greenville, Ills

S. H. WESTON, one of the most prominent bankers in Iowa, at Vinton, Ia.

CHARLES FOSTER, oldest American playwright, at New York.

JOHN HODGE, prominent merchant, at Lockport, N. Y.

COMMODORE HORACE SAXTON, widely known Minnesota man, at Duluth, Minn.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, veteran editor and politician, at San Francisco.

Judge SOLON THATCHER, prominent citizen of Lawrence, Kan.

ILLINOIS PICKINGS.

NEWS NOTES OF INTEREST FROM HERE AND THERE.

Reports by Telegraph of Important Happenings in Our Own State During the Past Few Days—News of Interest to the People of Illinois.

MASCOUTAH, Ills., Aug. 12.—The alleged confession of Mrs. Mattie England revives interest in one of the most noted murder cases in the history of southern Illinois. Mrs. England was one of the chief witnesses against ex Policeman Gustave Menkhausen, and largely on her testimony Menkhausen was sentenced to hang for the murder of his wife. The evidence against Menkhausen was very strong, but was purely circumstantial, and Governor Altgeld commuted his sentence to life imprisonment. The England woman now avers that she swore falsely at the bidding of a rival lover, who wanted Menkhausen out of the way, and upon the strength of her alleged confession a pardon will be asked for the ex-policeman.

In October, 1893, Menkhausen's wife died suddenly one night after drinking a bottle of beer at supper. The beer had been bought and opened by Menkhausen, who didn't drink any of it himself or give the children any of it. Menkhausen was found after the woman's death at a disreputable resort and was arrested charged with her murder. The feeling against Menkhausen was very bitter and he was sentenced to hang, but, as before stated, his sentence was commuted to a life term in the penitentiary.

NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Articles Filed with the Secretary of State of Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Aug. 8.—Articles have been filed with the secretary of state for the incorporation of the Danville and Northwestern Electric Railway company to construct a railroad from Danville, Vermillion county, through Potomac, Vermillion county, thence through Rankin, Vermillion county, to Gillman, Iroquois county, with a branch line from Potomac to Paxton, Ford county; also another branch from Danville to Fairmount, thence to Sidell, Vermillion county, thence to Georgetown, thence to Danville. The location of the principal office will be maintained at Danville. The capital stock is $100,000. The incorporators are: William T. Cunningham, John W. Dale, William P. Chandler, W. S. Mathies, and Robert Holmes, all of Danville; J. W. Layne and J. K. Buts of Potomac, Illinois; W. W. Hatch, New York.

Failure at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—The American Looking Glass Manufacturing company, 11 to 13 South Jefferson street, assigned to Scott O. Cavette. The assets were placed at $95,000, with no statement of liabilities. C. H. Beyer, president of the company, also made an individual assignment to Mr. Cavette, putting his assets at $25,000. The liabilities are said to be about $45,000, principally notes due New York firms, from whom the company purchased supplies.

Illinois Corn Crop To Be Great.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 10.—Reports received by the state department of agriculture confirm the reports heard the past few weeks as to the condition of the growing corn crop, and the prospect now is for one of the largest and finest crops ever raised in the state.

Got Hold of the Wrong Bottle.

PEORIA, Ills., Aug. 13.—Mrs. Alice Trainer died from the effects of bedbug poison taken accidentally. She had been in the habit of drinking wine, but got the wrong bottle by mistake. She suffered greatly before her death. She was 65 years of age.

Notes of the State.

Peoria has been decided on as the permanent headquarters of the Order of Railway Telegraphers.

Hearst, Dunn & Co., agricultural implement manufacturers, Peoria Ills., have assigned. Liabilities, $123,433; assets, $115,649.

Mrs. C. A. Swan of Jacksonville, Ills., shot herself through the heart. She was the wife of an engineer, and her act was caused by despondency, due to long sickness.

Governor Altgeld was almost prostrated by the heat while reviewing the Third regiment at Camp Lincoln. He was taken to a tent where, under the tender ministrations of his wife, he quickly recovered.

Shot and Killed a Burglar.

PITTSBURG, Aug. 12.—George Glass shot and killed an unknown colored burglar at his home in Grafton, near here. The burglar was discovered in Mr. Glass' bedroom and a chase followed. Mr. Glass was shot through the left hand but he struggled with the intruder, who finally jumped through a window. As he jumped Glass fired two shots at him and one of them inflicted a wound which caused the burglar's death in a few minutes. There was nothing on the dead man's person by which he could be identified.

Horrible Method of Suicide.

ZANESVILLE, O., Aug. 10.—Jacob Gigax, a prominent and wealthy citizen of this city committed suicide in a horrible manner. He went to the Cincinnati and Muskinum railroad depot, where he got down on his hands and knees and placed his neck across the rail in front of a rapidly approaching train and was decapitated in the presence of many people. Mr. Gigax was a retired banker and had suffered from poor health for a long time.

Fatal Collision on an "L" Road.

CHICAGO, Aug. 10.—One man has died and another will probably die as the result of a collision on the Metropolitan "L" road at Laflin street. The victims are: Joseph Driscow of 278 North Troy street; died in the Presbyterian hospital; Charles Strausberg of 300 North Troy street, will probably die in Presbyterian hospital. Driscow's pelvic bone was fractured, and his head was cut in three places.

Base Ball at Homburg.

BERLIN, Aug. 12.—Base ball has been introduced at Homburg, where it is played on the grounds near the lawn tennis court. One of the best players is M. Le Vicomte Leon de Janzo.

Jockey Killed While Exercising.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 7.—Jockey Sabine was thrown and killed at the fair grounds while exercising Livingston, a horse belonging to J. D. Patton.

IOWA DEMOCRATS.

They Nominate Babb and Declare for "Sound Money."

MARSHALLTOWN, Ia., Aug. 8.—One of the most notable state conventions in the history of the Iowa Democracy closed in this city last evening.

There were 1,079 delegates present, every county in the state being fully represented. The opening prayer was by Rev. Father Linehan, a Roman Catholic priest of this city, and an address of welcome was made by Mayor Pirce, who is a Republican, but who obtained applause by saying that the Democratic party was greater than any one sentiment in the party. Judge French, of Davenport, was temporary chairman and made a long speech, in which he gave most prominence to the prohibition question and held that prohibition must go. On the financial question he favored bimetallism, but only at a ratio to be determined by an international agreement. After temporary organization a recess was taken and on reassembling ex-Senator Shields, of Dubuque, was made permanent chairman.

The nomination of a state ticket was the first matter to come up when the organization was completed, and it resulted as follows: For governor, Judge W. I. Babb, of Mt. Pleasant; lieutenant governor, ex-Lieut.-Gov. Bestow, of Chaton; superintendent of public instruction, Lyman B. Parshall, of Maquokta; railroad commissioner, Colonel George James, of Dubuque; supreme judge, Senator Thomas G. Harper, of Des Moines. Judge Babb made a brief speech of acceptance, in which he said that the differences existing in the party were in regard to details rather than to great principles. All present were honestly bimetallists at heart.

It is understood that Bestow will not accept the lieutenant governorship nomination. He is a strong free coinage man, and says he cannot consistently run on so strong a "sound money" platform.

The platform has this to say on the silver question: We reaffirm the following portion of the seventh plank of the nation Democratic convention: 'We hold to the use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country, and to the coinage of both gold and silver, without discrimination against either metal or charge for mintage; but the dollar unit of coinage of both metals must be of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, or be adjusted by international agreement, or by such safeguards of legislation as shall insure the maintenance of the parity of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the market and payment of debts; and we demand that the paper currency shall be kept at par with and redeemable in such coin.'

The minority report was an out-and-out free-coinage-at-16-to-1 plank, "without any frills." On other points the platform endorses the tariff legislation of the last congress; favors the popular election of United States senators; favors just and liberal pensions to veterans of the civil war; opposes trusts and monopolies; demands non-partisan control of state institutions, and denounces the mulct law, declaring it unfair, hard on property owners, and that it compromises the honor of the state in declaring the sale of liquors a crime and condoning the crime for a money consideration; demands a local option high license law and a law permitting the manufacture of liquors in the state.

The new state central committee was chosen as follows: First district, George S. Smith, Vanderburg; second, C. S. Ranck, Johnson; Third, Robert O'Day, Bremer; Fourth, John Foley, New Hampton; Fifth, M. R. Jackson, Cedar; Sixth, C. A. Walsh, Wapello; Seventh, Henry Reigelman, Polk; Eighth, E. Curry, Leon; Ninth, John E. McGuire, Audubon; Tenth, J. McCarthy, Greene; Eleventh, T. D. Higgs, Buena Vista.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Aug. 12.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 489¼@489¾ for demand and 488½@489¼ for sixty day; posted rates 490@491; commercial bills, 487¾.

Silver certificates 65@65¾; no sales; bar silver, 66¼. Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds steady; new 4's reg., 121¾; do. coupons, 121¾; 5's reg., 115; 5's coupons, 115; 4's reg., 112; 4's coupons, 112¾; 2's reg., 99; Pacific 6's of '95, 103.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—August, opened 67¾c, closed 65c; September, opened 68c, closed 65¾c. December, opened 70¾c, closed 68¾c. Corn—August, nominal, closed 36½c; September, opened 37¾c, closed 36½c; December, opened 37½c, closed 31½c; May, opened 32¾c, closed 31½c. Oats—August, opened 19½c, closed 19c; September, opened 20c, closed 19½c; May, opened 24½c, closed 23c. Pork—September, opened $9.75, closed $9.65; January, opened $10.25, closed $10.25. Lard—September, opened $6.10, closed $6.07½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 15c per lb; extra dairy, 17c; packing stock, 6@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11c per dozen. Live poultry—Spring chickens, 10c per lb; hens, 6@6½c; roosters, 5@5½c; turkeys, 8@9c; ducks, 6@7c; geese, $2.00@4.00 per doz. Potatoes—Ohio, 30@35c per bu. Blackberries, Michigan, $1.50@1.75 per 16-qt case. New apples—75c@$1.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@16c; brown comb, 10@13c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Aug. 12.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; sales ranged at $3.80@5.00 pigs, $4.70@5.25 light, $4.25@4.45 rough packing, $4.50@5.00 mixed, and $4.50@4.90 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 17,000; quotations ranged at $4.50@6.05 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.70@5.45 good to choice do., $4.15@4.85 fair to good, $3.60@4.05 common to medium do., $3.40@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.40@3.05 stockers, $3.20@4.00 feeders, $1.50@3.70 cows, $2.50@4.40 heifers, $1.00@3.80 bulls, $2.60@4.25 Texas steers, $2.50@3.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 13,000; sales ranged at $2.30@3.75 westerns, $3.00@3.65 Texans, $1.75@4.75 natives, and $3.00@5.85 lambs.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

EAST BUFFALO, Aug. 12.

Hogs—Trade dull; buyers holding off; corn pigs and Yorkers, $5.20@5.25; grass do., $5.00@5.15; corn heavy, $5.00@5.05; grass do., $4.50@4.75; mixed corn, $5.10@5.15; won't sell. Sheep and Lambs—Sheep market very bad; good 25c off; best export sheep, $3.70@4.05; best 80@100-lb do., $3.50@3.75; fair to good do., $2.00@2.40; best lambs, $4.00@4.50; fair to good do., $3.25@3.75. Best calves, $5.00@5.50; common and light, $4.00@5.00. Cattle—Receipts, 6,300; active and a trifle higher; best export steers, $5.50@5.90; butchers' steers, fair light, $3.80@4.05; good medium cows, $3.80@3.50.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE Aug. 12.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 65½c; No. 1 northern, 71c; september, 66c. Corn—No. 3, 32c. Oats—No. 2 white, 24c; No. 3 white, 22@22½c. Barley—No. 2, 43c; samples, 30@42. Rye—No. 1, 45½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Aug. 7.

A gang of toughs tried to break up a wedding party at Oshkosh, Wis. Emil Koser was stabbed in the back, Charles Koser, his son, was cut in the neck and just over the heart, while Mrs. Koser was cut on the arm.

A tremendous cloudburst has formed a high sand bar across the river just below Cattlettsburg, Ky., so as to make the stream unnavigable.

Daisey Thomas, 17, of Muncie, Ind., swallowed poison and is dead. David Foust, her lover, postponed their wedding day once too often.

A bad gang of counterfeiters has been captured by United States detectives. At the head of the gang was the notorious Brockway, the most expert of his kind in the country. He is 73 years old.

Consul Doederlein, at Leipsic, reports that plows are operated by electricity in Germany much cheaper than by steam.

Carl W. H. Berkleman, a furniture dealer of Duluth, made a voluntary assignment. Assets and liabilities under $10,000.

Thursday, Aug. 8.

It is reported in a New York Herald special from Tampa, Fla., that an American yacht with a party of tourists on board has probably been sunk for a filibuster by a Spanish cruiser.

George Johnson was beaten by a mob of disguised women at Liberty, Ind., and threatened with a coat of tar and feathers unless he ceased his visits to a married woman.

A Kansas City justice of the peace has decided the Sunday-closing-barber-shop law unconstitutional.

Jack Gordon, a grandson of "Chinese" Gordon, died at Santa Monica, Cal., of alcoholism. Gordon was born in London in 1844 and was the son of Captain Gordon, of the British navy, who was a son of the famous general who in 1887 was killed by the Mahdi at Khartoum.

Myron R. Bent, charged with instigating the murder of his wife at Mandan, N. D., in order to secure the $50,000 insurance on her life, has been sentenced to death.

Friday, Aug. 9.

Lincoln has been chosen as the place and Oct. 9 the date of the Nebraska Republican state convention.

J. B. Haggin, of Montana, now in New York, denies emphatically that the Rothschilds have purchased or attempted to purchase the Anaconda copper mines or any interest in them.

John L. Matthews, secretary of the Valley Exchange Building and Loan association, of Martinsburg, W. Va., is under arrest charged with a shortage of $3,600.

Dr. Henry M. Caldwell, president of the Elyton Land company, of Birmingham, Ala., is dead

The business portion of Neches, Tex., burned in a fire set by burglars to conceal a safe-cracking operation.

A Spanish grandee and a wealthy Cuban lady have just been granted divorces at Fargo, N. D. Both couples were married in 1884. It is thought that the pair will wed. The senora's husband eloped with the count's wife two years ago.

Saturday, Aug. 10.

Fire destroyed George Frank's paper-box factory at Baltimore, entailing a loss of $90,000.

John Sprackley, one of the best known farmers in Washington county, O., was struck by lightning while riding on a mowing machine. One of his horses was also killed.

Sixty lives are believed to have been lost by the sinking of the steamer Catterthun off New South Wales.

The repair shops of the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn railroad at Orient Heights, Mass., were burned. Loss, $85,000.

A Denver family is accused of treating a colored girl as a slave.

Another man named as a possible successor to Jackson on the United States supreme bench is Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky.

Assistant Attorney General Newell has rendered an opinion that marriage between cousins of the first degree in Illinois is void.

Frederick Sietel has entered suit at New York against Albertina K. Mooney for $25,000 damages for breach-of-promise. The defendant is an heiress and is now stopping in Baltimore.

Monday, Aug. 12.

A New York man named Stern talked "sassy" to a German local official and has been sentenced to fine and imprisonment therefor.

A British syndicate has bought the big harvest machinery shops of Amos Whitely & Co. at Springfield, O.

Joe Patchen will try to beat the world's pacing record at Milwaukee next Thursday.

The American steamer Woodall has recently landed 150 men and a large amount of war material, including dynamite, on the coast of Cuba.

Mrs. Minnie Poull was walking along the railroad track at Toledo, O., with a baby in her arms when she was run down by a train and both killed.

The last of the British elections has taken place, showing the re-election of a Liberal from the Orkney and Shetland islands by a reduced majority.

A sudden rise in the Tomahawk river at Tomahawk, Wis., has washed out a dam and destroyed an electric light plant.

Heavy wind uprooted trees and blew down incomplete buildings at Milwaukee.

New Strength

Is given tired, nervous women by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I had rheumatism and catarrh badly, but since taking 12 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am a different woman. I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every spring and am as strong and well as a woman of 35. A doctor is never called into my home, as all of my family use Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills." MRS. ALICE V. ENRIGHT, 145 Jay St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes Rich Red Blood. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

THE MALAGASY SOLDIERS' WAR SONG.

We soldiers of the Third volunteers
Go forward with confidence and courage
To serve Queen Ranavalomanjaka,
To obey a sovereign who is wise and good,
To defend the fatherland, which is sweet and beloved,
To hold the independence of this kingdom,
To sing loudly our war song, which says,
"We would rather die than not conquer."

Proving fidelity with might and with life,
Yielding our bodies as a wall of defense,
Presenting our strength as a shield for protection.
The distant and the difficult our glory shall be,
Wounds in the war our medals to wear,
The uplifted flag our memorial for aye.
We who are here are ready for all that.

We volunteer soldiers have a fixed time,
Are ready and sufficient for what is designed.
If any go astray for what is wrong and unwise,
They can never true soldiers become.
Each pledges his honor to the agreement that's made
And drinks the "I would far rather die."
We are men and trust what is finished and done
And gladly present our allegiance true.

We are Malagasy born.
What is seen is not feared. What is to come gives no tremor.
Blood and life spilt are our charms
And the more set ablaze our courage as fire.
The difficult and bitter make us more manly.
To refuse we can never while breath in us lasts.
With devotion here we yield ourselves, saying:
"We are soldiers ourselves, and our generals are honored."
Is it not so, O ye army? —New York Sun.

SWANLEE'S GIRL.

Two men were riding tired horses down an ill defined trail through North Carolina woods. The one was a New Yorker—keen, alert, dark haired and chronically one day behind with his shaving. His companion, who rode with difficulty his rough gaited Kentucky mare, was obtrusively British. Everything, from his deer stalker cap to his yellow pigskin gaiters, with their buttons down the shin, betrayed him for a recent importation from the islands beyond the sea. They were not friends—scarcely acquaintances. They had foregathered some few miles back at crossroads, and finding that they were heading in the same direction had jogged along in company.

For the past hour the multitude of trails had bothered them much, and there had been a good deal of toss up in their choice, and at last neither had any further ideas to offer about the route, and there was no question but that they were most satisfactorily lost. The last blue of the sky was turning to a cooler purple, and a couple of tree toads were already commencing the overture to their nightly opera.

"Say," remarked the American, "have you ever ridden down a strange trail of this sort after nightfall?"

"Can't say that I have."

"Then, sir, you've an experience in store which won't be all molasses. You wait till the trees begin to sneak up and hit you on the kneecap. Then you'll—Great Co-lumbus! See that?"

"What—these green shrubs?"

"Corn, siree. Indian corn, you call it 'way back in the old country. And here we are. A nigger cabin, I guess. 'Tain't good enough for a Tar Heeler's shanty."

They wheeled round the edge of the corn patch, their horses picking a way cautiously over the outshooting roots of the timber, and pulled up before a small frame house. As though their arrival had been expected, the rough door swung open and a man stepped out and faced them. He was an old man and heavily bearded. He stood quite four inches above the fathom in his boots, and in the hollow of his left arm he carried a weapon, single barreled and hammerless.

He pointed to this and introduced it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is about the latest—Rawnsley's ten fire repeating shotgun. The first of you that lifts a hand toward the sly pocket of his pants will get a hole let into him that a yoke of steers could drive through. If you want to stay, you've got to fight it out."

He of the yellow gaiters laughed.

"What quaint people you Americans are," he said. "Why the devil you should threaten war in this unexpected fashion I can't imagine."

"Ho! You're a Britisher?"

"English—quite English."

"And your companion, isn't he an exciseman either?"

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders, and the New Yorker answered for himself.

"S. T. Vanrennan, real estate agent, Irving place, Noo York city. Stick to my own trade, colonel, and shouldn't know what a blockade still was if I was shown one."

For a moment the old man seemed inclined to resent this last remark, but only for a moment. Then southern hospitality asserted itself.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "how can I serve you?"

"By putting us on the road for Asheville."

"I could not do it. Asheville's good 30 miles beyond this, and the trail's far too bad for strangers to follow in the dark. You must bunk with me, gentlemen, this night."

There was a little more talk, and then the horses were led round to a barn at the back, unsaddled, rubbed down roughly and presented with six corncobs apiece, after which the two adjourned to the cabin, supped off heavy corn bread, strong flavored bacon and raw, biting, smoky corn whisky. After the meal the Yankee, pleading tiredness, retired to the far room and slept. The Briton, who was traveling in the mountains to pick up character, was glad enough to sit up with his host and talk beside the smelly kerosene lamp over granulated tobacco and corncob pipes.

Their conversation was, on the whole, desultory. Only twice was it interrupted. On these occasions footsteps made themselves heard on the hard, red ground outside, and then, after a pause, a silver half dollar rolled in under the door. The old man pocketed the coin, lifted the latch, and, reaching a hand out into the darkness, brought in a quart bottle, which he proceeded to fill from a keg that wafted through the hut a strong smell of smoky spirit. Afterward he thrust out the bottle into the night, and the heavy footsteps recommenced and died out in diminuendo.

On the first occasion the old man commented to his guest: "Say, sir, you're what they call in the mountains a tenderfoot; but, from the face of you, you seem straight. Please remember you've seen nothing."

"I'm under the tie of bread and salt," said the Englishman. "You needn't fear me." And he fell to talking about the game in the woods.

When the Englishman awoke next morning, he found that his traveling companion had already departed.

"I didn't press him to stay," said the old man, "but I hope you will honor me with a longer visit. My name is Colonel Swanlee, which you may have seen mentioned in accounts of the war, and once I had a 40 room house here and close on 200 niggers working on a fine estate. The house and the niggers are gone, and the estate has run back for the most part into forest. You know the war ruined most of us southern gentlemen, and our lands were bought up by pork packers and successful drummers and Yankee trash generally. I've been luckier than some. I haven't sold a rod of ground. I've been spared seeing filthy railroads plow through my land, and I've some other mercies to be thankful for. That northerner was right when he hinted at my having a blockade still round here. I do run one. I know it's against the law, but the law—as laid down by Yankees—ruined me. Consequently I've but small respect for it, specially as now it's sized to suit all shades of color. Come, sir. You said last night you were in no hurry to get on. Will you stay awhile and rough it with me?"

The invitation was genuine, and the Englishman remained, and because the life was fresh and interesting to him, and because old man Swanlee was loath to let him go, he staid on till the weeks grew to over a month. There was much to occupy his time. Any one with a taste for scenery may gratify it to the full in the wooded mountains and valleys of the Alleghany country. Sometimes he took his horse and rode along the rough trails far afield—over the great Smokies and looked down on Tennessee. Sometimes he roamed through the second growth forest which had sprung up in tropical luxuriance over the once cleared land, occasionally shooting a wild turkey, or a hawk, or a flying squirrel, or whipping in two a small rattlesnake, but for the most part finding full enjoyment in admiring this gallery of pictures which nature by herself had painted.

Once indeed he visited the distillery in its weird hiding place under the waterfall and glanced curiously over the crude appliances with which the fiery corn whisky was produced. But that was only once, and indeed the still was seldom referred to. In the evening, when they sat together under the wooden piazza, the Englishman and his host either rocked or smoked in silence, looking into the warm southern night and listening to its myriad insect noises, or else the old man would talk and unfold pictures of past southern splendor in the halcyon days "befo' the war." They seemed to be living then in an atmosphere of nearly half a century before, and at times the Englishman had hard work to bring himself back to the true realities.

But at last there came a breaking up of the pastoral, and it arrived in barbarous shape. The place was raided by the revenue men.

The visitor was away bee hunting in the woods when they arrived, but hastened back when the sound of heavy firing came down to him over the timber. He gained the hut, perhaps luckily, too late for interference, but the history of what had occurred was written out before him in ruddy lettering. Three officers of the excise lay twisted and dead on the red soil, shot down by that terrible ten fire repeater, which carried its charge like a heavy ball for the short distance. Farther out was Vanrennan, doubled up over a stump like a half filled meal sack. Flitting in and about the trees, still farther down the trail, were four saddled horses leisurely grazing.

There was no sign of old man Swanlee.

Had he run for the woods, or—

The newcomer rushed across the clearing and into the cabin. The Carolina planter, the Confederate colonel, the blockade distiller, the murderer, was stretched out on the floor, with blood oozing into pools around him. The Englishman shuddered and bent down for examination. An ear shredded through by one bullet, temple grazed by another; left elbow shattered by a third. None of these were mortal; none could cause this prostration. Ah, there was a worse wound, in the groin, that meant death!

Under the impromptu surgery the old man woke up

"That blasted Yankee Vanrennan! Says I shot his father at Seven Pines when I was skirmishing for Lee outside Richmond. Very likely. I know the orders were to take no prisoners. It was all in the way of business. And then, by way of dirty vengeance, he brings the excise about my ears. No southern gentleman would have done that—none but a mongrel Dutch Yankee. However, he's got his gruel, and so have the revenue men, and I'm dying. Hello, who are you?"

Old man Swanlee gripped his gun again and started up full of fight.

"Oh, it's you, sir, is it? I ask your pardon, I'm sure," he said, bowing with old fashioned courtesy, "but this little domestic trouble must be my excuse. Those fellows have pumped lead into me till I've been a trifle thrust off my balance. Thanks! If you would assist me on to the floor again and bring the corner of that box under my head."

He rested a minute to collect his thoughts, and then went on afresh.

"Now, Mr —I've forgotten your name—circumstances compel me to ask you an intense favor. I've had good comrades, and I've had stanch friends, but some were shot in the war, and some have died since, and the rest are scattered I know not where. There isn't a soul within riding distance, except Tar Heelers, and I'd almost as soon trust my little girl to a nigger as one of them."

"Your daughter is it that you're speaking about?"

"That's so. I haven't mentioned her before. I don't let her have any truck with t'is lot down here, and didn't intend to until the place was ready to receive her as she should be received—as my mother was received when she came upon the estate. Yes, sir, that's what I've been toiling and slaving for all these years, barely spending $1 in cash except a few cents an acre for taxes; holding on to the land with a miser's grip, while the forest stamped the snake fences out of sight brewing a vile spirit for the mountaineers around. No, sir, I've not sold moonlight whisky because I liked it, or hugged my balance at the banks merely to put myself back on the ancestral dunghill. I've done my crowing. But, sir, when my little girl was born in Richmond, during the siege, my wife made me promise before she died that, come what might, I'd see the child mistress of the house we'd been driven from here. My wife was a very proud woman, sir. Her family claimed descent from Pocahontas."

"But," objected the listener, "I don't see how this could be. Since slavery has been abolished"—

"One can't get the lazy brutes of negroes to work? Quite so. But I'd a scheme, sir, to remedy that. It would have been frightful gall to the Yankees, but it would have paid here all the same. I should have imported Chinese labor, and with that and a strong hand things would have been much the same as they were in the old days. But that scheme must be abandoned now. A man without previous experience, such as yourself, would never know how to handle such cattle. Would you kindly reach me that bottle out of the locker? I'm getting very faint. Thanks. I seldom patronize my own brew; but, whatever its demerits, it has strength. However, I haven't got much time left, and I must come to the point. America was no place for a southern girl after the war. With the niggers stirred up as they were, there was no telling what might happen to her. So I sent the child to a convent in Paris, and there she's remained ever since. But she's finished her education, and she's coming home right now—coming home to her inheritance. Yes, sir, the estate will be hers in an hour or so's time, and with it a matter of $50,000 that has come out of moonlight whisky. Now, sir, will you give a dying man a hand?"

"I will do anything that lies within my power."

"Then find out my daughter," came the astonishing reply, "and marry her."

Horror struck, the Englishman started to his feet. Did not this man realize that he was a murderer, still red handed?

"My God," said old man Swanlee, "you are not going to refuse me?" He stretched out a bony hand and caught at the other's gaiter. "Heavens, man, think what you are saying! Think what this means to me!"

The other turned away his head in despair.

"It is not much I am asking. She's beautiful. I had her photograph sent me only the other day. She's highly educated; she's well born; she's rich. What more can a young man want in a wife?"

"But," broke in the Englishman desperately, "I am not free. I met a girl in Paris awhile back and crossed with her here in the boat from Havre. Before we landed in New York she had promised to become my wife. I never could marry any one else. I—er—in short, I love her."

The old man's knotted hands wrestled with one another tremulously. "I see," he said at last, with a heavy sigh. "I should have liked it to have been, but what you say is final. Still, sir, you must do something else for me, if you will."

"Anything that lies within my power," exclaimed the other eagerly. "Believe me, anything."

"Then find out my daughter and act as her guardian. Give her my dying command to obey you in everything, and she will do it. See that she has her rights, guard her from adventurers, watch that she marries a good husband, a man that is worthy of her, one who will treat her well."

The old man's voice had died down almost to a whisper.

His companion stooped over him. "I will do all you ask," he said earnestly. "But you had better tell me now where I shall find Miss Swanlee."

"Thanks. You are very good. But I ought to have told you she is not bearing that name now. To avoid complications which arose after the war I made her take another, which she will carry till she comes back here. She was christened Miriam, after her mother, and"—

The old man's voice drooped.

"Yes, yes," said the Englishman impatiently, "but what was the surname?"

"Lee."

"What, Miriam Lee?"

"Yes, sir. Miriam Frances Lee."

"Just God—that is the girl to whom I am engaged!"

The Englishman reeled against the table, staring wildly at his host. Old Man Swanlee had ceased to live, but the angle of the hut propped him against falling. On his grim old face there was a curious look of satisfaction.—C. J. Cutliffe Hyne in Pall Mall Gazette.

Has Money to Burn.

Customer—So you sell these watches at $2.50 each. It must cost that to make them.

Jeweler—It does.

Customer—Then how do you make any money?

Jeweler—Repairing them. —Boston Traveller.

Out of Place.

Some business men are hard to please. A Vermont undertaker berates his town because it's dead.—Adams Freeman.

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The Aristocrats of Palma.

Before I had been many hours in Palma I discovered that sharp lines of demarkation are drawn between the upper and lower classes of the inhabitants. There still exists a tolerably unadulterated feudalism, a recognizable remnant of the ancient vassalage, with a broad impassable gap between the owner and the tiller of the soil, the senor and the occupier. The pride of family, which used to be carried to a ridiculous point, is in these days but slowly giving place to modern influences and is still hardly inferior to that of MacDermot, prince of Coolavin, who objected to his lowly born wife sitting to eat at the same table with him.

At the present moment there are no fewer than three dozen members of the Spanish peerage who draw their titles from the Balearics. The nine solars or barons who fought with Don Jaime at the siege of Palma founded families that are still flourishing like petty sovereigns as a separate class from the rest of the nobility, and only in rare and recent instances have they taken wives or husbands from beyond their own "set." They regard themselves with far greater veneration than that with which they are looked upon by the classes whom they despise.

They are known commonly as Butifarras, literally a "large sausage"—a term used in a sense corresponding to our slang, "bloated swell." Beneath the ennobled class comes the commercial body, under whom in gradation are the farmers, the farm laborers, who retain certain Arabic characteristics, shopkeepers, artisans and—longo intervallo—the Chuetas, long eared owls, a name of contempt given to the descendants of Jews who are now Christians, but still live apart from the rest of the community in a separate quarter.—Chambers' Journal.

The Heart and Bicycle Riders.

There is not a cycle rider of any age in whom the heart is not influenced so as to do more work, and although in skilled cyclists and trained cyclists a certain balance is set up which equalizes the motion such riders are not exempt from danger. I have known the beats of the heart to rise from 80 to 200 in the minute, in the first exercise of riding, an increase which, for the time, more than doubles the amount of work done—a very serious fact when we remember that the extreme natural motion of the heart allows it to perform a task equal to raising not less than 122 foot tons in the course of 24 hours—that is to say, over 5 foot tons an hour.

In the young we may apply the same argument to the heart as we have done to the skeleton. The heart is undergoing its development, and it is an organ which cannot without danger be whipped beyond its natural pace. What occurs with it under such circumstances is that it grows larger than it ought to grow; that it works out of harmony with the rest of the body and is then most easily agitated by influences and impressions acting upon it through the mind. I have many times seen this truth illustrated too plainly, and I doubt whether in the young, after extreme exercise, such as that which arises from a prolonged race, the heart ever comes down to its natural beat for a period of less than three days devoted to repose.—Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, M. D., in North American Review.

Bequests of Hearts.

Bequests of hearts have been by no means uncommon. Richard Cœur de Lion bequeathed his heart to the canons of Rouen cathedral, and in July, 1838, this remarkable relic was once again brought to light after the lapse of six centuries. The heart, which is said to have been surprisingly large, was inclosed in boxes of lead and silver and withered, as it was described, to the semblance of a faded leaf.

Bruce's heart was by his dying wish intrusted to Douglas to fulfill a vow which he had been unable to execute in person, of visiting the sepulcher of Christ. Douglas, "tender and true," promised to fulfill his sovereign's last request, and after Bruce's death, having received the heart incased in a casket of gold, set forth upon his mission. Proceeding to Spain, however, he fell in the thick of a fight with the Moors, having previous to his final charge cast the heart of Bruce from his breast, when he carried it into the ranks of the infidels, crying, "Onward as thou wert wont; Douglas will follow thee!" Bruce's heart was afterward recovered by Sir Simon Lockhart, by whom it was brought to Scotland and buried along with the bones of Douglas in the abbey of Melrose. When the remains of Bruce were disinterred at Dunferline in 1819, the breastbone was found sawn through so as to permit of the removal of the heart.—Temple Bar.

The Letter Lock.

The principle of the puzzle or letter lock, an invention dating centuries back, has now been revived and applied by M. Deny, a French inventor, to the construction of a new key adapted to a multitude of locks. The mechanism involved is said to be simple, consisting of a number of ring shaped wards inclosed in a cylinder around the keyhole and adjusted to the wards of the key in any required combination. The mechanism is such that is estimated some 3,000 different locks may be so arranged as to be all unlocked by one master key, while other keys will open only a single one or any desired series of the locks. This is illustrated by the fact that a large school near Paris has at least 200 locks, all being unlocked by the director's key, while a chambermaid's key unlocks only the doors of the professor's chambers, while the key of each professor admits him only to his own room.—New York Sun.

Pleasant For the Neighbors.

Friend—I should think your daughter's four hours' practice on the piano would drive you crazy.

Hostess—Oh, not at all! She opens all the windows, and most of the sound goes out doors.—New York Weekly.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 15, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Trilby."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Little Robinson Crusoe"

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Ali Baba."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Phœnix."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Tornado."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thombs Davis.*

NOTICE.

THE CITIZEN of next week will contain a full report of the proceedings of Yellow Ford Day at Ogden Grove.

IRELAND'S NEGLECTED HEROES.

This week, we issue THE CITIZEN two days earlier than usual, in order to give our friends the advantage of reading some, at least, of the history and literature of the period which the United Irish societies celebrate at Ogden Grove today. It is a humiliating fact that the scholars of the Irish race have allowed the names of the warriors of Ireland to sink into absolute oblivion so far as the world, outside of Ireland and the Irish, is concerned. We look in vain for the names of Shane the Proud, Hugh O'Neill, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Owen Roe O'Neill and Patrick Sarsfield in the various encyclopædias and dictionaries published in America and in Great Britain. Even the name of the brave St. Ruth, who died for Ireland while commanding an Irish army in one of the most important battles of modern times—a battle that decided the fate of a nation and a dynasty—does not receive the honor of a special mention in any of the works alluded to. This is shameful neglect, and we have ourselves principally to blame for it. We have kept the men who made our military history too severely to ourselves, with the exception of a few of those who fought for France, Spain, Austria and America, and whose bright careers form an important portion of the history of those countries. Some of the English historians, including Macaulay, make generous mention of Sarsfield, but the lexicographers have slighted him. The same is true of Hugh O'Neill, who was eulogized in poetry by Sir Walter Scott. It is doubtful if any Englishman or American, who has not read Irish history, ever heard of Red Hugh O'Donnell, or even of Owen Roe O'Neill. Their names do not appear in average current history.

And yet these two men, like the more famous Hugh O'Neill and Sarsfield, did magnificent work for Ireland. Red Hugh was a mere boy when he escaped from the clutches of Lord Deputy Perrot in Dublin Castle, and sped, like a martial meteor, to his native North, where he speedily breathed a new soul into Ulster. His campaigns in Connaught and North Munster, his storming of Athenry and Ballyshannon, his prowess at the Yellow Ford, and his crowning victory of the Curlew Mountains, stamp him as an active general of the first order—a man of whom, were he a Scotchman, Jane Porter, Walter Scott or Robert Burns would have made a hero of world wide reputation. Unfortunately no Irish novelist or poet, of great note, has done justice to Red Hugh, and but for the loving, forceful pen of John Mitchel, and the dashing ballad of McCann, which we publish in this issue, his name would hardly be known to the Irishmen, especially the American Irishmen, of this generation.

Owen Roe O'Neill had a brilliant and romantic history both in Spain, France and Ireland. In France his splendid defense of Arras stamped him as an able and vigorous soldier. He came to Ireland with a European reputation which he augmented by his masterly organization of the Ulster army in the long wars of the Crown and Parliament. His defeat of the the Anglo-Scotch army at Benburb was one of the most crushing ever inflicted on an enemy, puffed with pride and confident of victory, and does not rank second to that obtained by his great uncle at the Yellow Ford, except that its results were not so far reaching. His premature death limited the possibilities of distinction, and he missed the glory of meeting and, doubtless, vanquishing Cromwell who, when he came to Ireland, Owen being dead, met only generals distracted in mind, and of inferior ability. The defeat of the great regicide would have fixed his fame forever, but, as it was, his victory over Monroe, had he been other than an Irish general, fighting for the Irish cause on Irish soil, would have assured his fame to the remotest times. It has, however, been the policy of British writers, with few fair-minded exceptions, either to suppress or belittle Irish achievements in Ireland, while, on the other hand, they have rarely failed to do them justice when accomplished outside of Ireland, or in causes other than the Irish cause.

Hugh O'Neill deserves to live forever in the history of Europe. Wallace, who failed, and Bruce who won, in the cause of Scotland have each received the meed of praise due to heroism and sublime constancy. But neither of those illustrious warrior-patriots was more of a military genius or hero than Hugh O'Neill. With small resources and a scanty population, he drew the sword for Irish liberty against the formidable power of England, directed by the master-minds of Elizabeth and her ministers of state and war. He met and defeated in succession, her best generals and choicest armies. At Clontibret he routed Norreys. At Armagh he outwitted the enemies of Ireland by a ruse de guerre of unexampled brilliancy. At Drumfluich, he routed and slew the haughty De Burgo and warlike Kildare. At Beal-an-ath-bwee (Yellow Ford) he trampled on the corpses of Marshal Bagenal, and his steel-clad host of English veterans. He met and baffled the vain, fiery and haughty Essex, whose cavalry were cut to pieces by O'Neill's brave allies, the O'Moores, at the Pass of Plumes; and sent the proud Earl back to England a broken man, whose head was sacrificed on the block to the fury of Elizabeth, whose paramour he was reputed to have been. The magnificent ballad of "The Pass of Plumes," commemorating Essex's defeat, from the pen of Richard Dalton Williams, is also given in this number, and should be read with pride by the race whom the bravery of dauntless ancestors ennobled. Hugh O'Neill failed in the end it is true—by treachery and the unprincipled wiles of the monster Mountjoy. He died in exile—a guest of the royal Pope at Rome, where his ashes are buried amid the dust of Pagan heroes and Christian saints, proud, no doubt, of close communion with the Irish hero, who was both a soldier and a defender of the liberty of the Catholic church in Ireland. Henry of Navarre called this great Irishman "one of the ablest generals of the age," and accorded him royal honors when he visited the court of France. Yet, even Hugh O'Neill is unknown to the vast bulk of British and American people. This, surely, is a sad, a very sad, reflection on the men of our race who have to do with history.

The Irish-Americans of Chicago are to be congratulated on showing a due appreciation of the heroes of their country, and the ever magnificent annual demonstration at Ogden Grove, in commemoration of the victories of the Yellow Ford and Curlew Pass, reflects honor upon them. The souls of the brave who sleep their last long sleep at Rome and Valladolid will rejoice that their deeds are unforgotten by the faithful of the Irish race.

A WOLFISH WRANGLE.

It now appears that the internecine quarrel in the Irish party has resolved itself into a three cornered duel, like that which made Mr. Midshipman Easy nervous. Each "party" has at least two adversaries. Mr. Justin McCarthy takes a shot at Tim Healy, Tim fires at Justin and Redmond fires at both the others, himself standing an occasional double fusillade. We often wonder whether these quarrelsome gentlemen are of entirely sound mind. It seems to us that they enlarge their own importance at the expense of Ireland. Justin McCarthy will die and return to dust. The same fate awaits Tim Healy and John Redmond—they are not immortals—but Ireland will live on and suffer for their acts, long after their unruly tongues are returned to the dust.

THE CITIZEN attaches no importance whatever to parliamentary effort for Ireland. It is all waste of time and patience. An Irish delegation in London is just as helpless against the common sentiment of Englishmen as were the captives in a Roman triumph. They but grace the car of the conqueror. Still they might, at least, deport themselves with dignity, and show England that they could curb their spites, sink their rivalries and stand together for a common cause, however hopeless might be their policy. As it is, they furnish excellent texts for the eternal English sermon on the Irish inability for self-government—a sermon that has been dinged so long into the ears of the outer world that the outer world more than half believes in the assertion. And why should it not, if Irish capacity for government is to be judged by the conduct of the Irish Parliamentary party? That party, although by no means composed of the brightest minds of Ireland, has still within its ranks men of a certain range of ability, who, presumably, averagely represent their constituencies. They certainly have as much individual ability as the rank and file of the British members. But they lack the element of self control. There is, in fact, a super-abundance of individualism in the Irish race. No people on the earth more quickly resent the assumptions of a leader, however able, than the Irish. Parnell ruled his colleagues with a rod of steel, and, although they submitted for the time, they did not forget to be revenged upon him. The moment he fell, they jumped upon him and devoured him as if he were a wounded wolf, and they a pack of his fellows, ravening for his flesh. Well, they got it and that did not satisfy them. They licked their bloody chops and gazed longingly, from the outer gloom of Irish politics, at the scraps on the Whig banquet table in the gaily illumined dining hall of the British house of commons. They, as a majority, became very tame wolves, and kept quiet for the sake of the scraps they got. No wonder that the Whig defeat found them demoralized, for, at the Tory banquet table they had no place, and they felt, therefore, gaunt and hungry. Hunger does not improve the temper, even of wolves, and they, necessarily, fell to, and are now engaged in, the repulsive pastime of mangling each other. There goes the old King Wolf, with both his ears half bitten off; and the hardy little coyote, from Bantry, goes limping by, with one ear hanging by a shred and blood streaming down his nose, the result of his encounter with the old King Wolf. And there is the long, lean timber wolf from West Connaught, with his hide torn in shreds, and one eye nearly gouged out, the result of a fight with the coyote before the King Wolf interfered. And that trim, compact little wolf from the city by the Suir, surely his hide is all disarranged. With whom has he been fighting? When we last saw him, he was a model for a swell tailor's dummy. Look at him now! The King Wolf has ripped the skin down one leg; the coyote has torn a large rent in the neighborhood of his tail, and the lean timber wolf has clawed him all over. Truly he needs to escape from the cage of the British menagerie and to retire to some pleasant den amid the Wicklow mountains to repair damages. But how did these once apparently respectable animals become wolves? By associating with the English Whig wolves who howled for the destruction of Parnell. "Release unto us Barabbas!"

THE OLD FIGHT STILL ON.

Mr. Clarence S. Darrow, London correspondent of the Chicago *Chronicle*, who has been writing letters full of interesting news to his paper, says, regarding the Tory victory in England, under secent date:

"The causes which the press and people have given for the great political revolution are as numerous as the reasons for the fall of Rome. While an outsider, with only a little time for observation, may not be well qualified to give an opinion, still there is some advantage in approaching the question from an impartial standpoint and reading and hearing all views with the sole motive of determining the facts. A close observation of the English press, together with impartial interviews with all classes of men, from laborers and farmers down to bankers and politicians, would seem to make the reasons fairly clear.

"We in America do not fully realize the importance of a parliamentary election in England; we forget how closely we are bound to the mother country historically, politically, socially and commercially. An election like the one just terminating in England cannot fail to have an important influence upon the political and commercial affairs of America. This election was not a simple defeat for the liberals: it was a political revolution, whose consequences are not to be foretold. That England has shown a disposition to turn backward toward the conservatism of the past cannot be denied.

"In my judgment, the main causes of the great liberal defeat, placed about in the order of their importance could be given as follows: While the Liberal party, by its traditions and history, has not been distinctively an Irish home rule party, still the question has been constantly forging to the front, until, for the last few years, it has, perhaps, been the chief plank of its platform. In the last general election Mr. Gladstone placed it at the front, and the late house of commons adopted a home rule measure which was vetoed by the house of lords. In the late election John Morley in particular, the ablest and most scholarly representative of the Liberal party, plainly and courageously declared that the home rule flag must be nailed to the mast,' and on the whole this issue was perhaps the chief one of the late campaign.

"Upon this question the overwhelming sentiment of Great Britain, particularly of England, seems to be against home rule for Ireland. Home rule with most Englishmen is regarded as a step toward the dissolution of a great empire—an empire which, since the battle of Waterloo, at least, has been the strongest and greatest on the earth. The English are naturally proud of their great territory, their extensive colonies, their unrivaled marine and their wonderful commercial and manufacturing power. They do not believe in introducing a wedge which they think may lead to the disruption and dissolution of all this greatness, which has required centuries for its growth. Of course, the Liberals have announced no policy for Ireland that would cut them off from the British empire, but it is still regarded as a step that way.

"Beyond all this, the feeling between England and Ireland on both sides is hostile and bitter. A man who is regarded as a patriot in Ireland is called a criminal in England, and there seems to be no ground of common meeting between the two. Ireland seems to demand home rule at any price. England seems equally determined that under no circumstances will she consent to any demands that Ireland makes. To a casual observer it looks as if home rule had no friends in England."

While we are far from agreeing with the English, or with Mr. Darrow, that the British empire is the strongest and greatest on the earth, we are willing to admit that it is a power strong enough, and great enough, to be potent for evil. Many Americans, of English origin, will hardly agree with us when we say that the British Empire is of no use to anybody on this earth outside of England—the great "civilized" bloodsucker of the world. Its destruction would be a blessing to humanity, including even English humanity, for the foul monster feeds even on the bones and blood of its working serfs, many of whom are sunk in degradation below the level of the beast of the field, and are too besotted to realize their shame. For Ireland, the destruction of the British Empire would be the bursting of the locks and bolts of her dungeon. It would be a restoration to light, to liberty, to happiness, after centuries of darkness, communing with the rats and roaches of the sepulchral Castle. Mr. Darrow is right. There is a mutual hatred, which, however, does not extend to individuals, between the English and the Irish nations. The leopard has not changed his spots, nor the Norman his blood, nor the Saxon his greed. Yes—

Denial met our just demands
And hatred met our love,
Till now, by heaven, for clasp of hands,
We'd give them clash of battle brands—
The gauntlet for the glove!
Up with the flag! We stand before
The Saxons of the days of yore
In Saxons of our own!

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT.

THE CITIZEN publishes the following note from Mr. William Dillon, brother of John Dillon, M. P., with pleasure. We hope it is as Mr. Dillon says, but as his brother has furnished no documentary evidence in the way of a true copy of the parliamentary oath, we cannot consider the subject disposed of, although we have perfect trust in the honor of both the Messrs. Dillon. It is possible for even the best of men to be mistaken. The oath published by THE CITIZEN was copied from the *Irish Republic* of New York, which we are confident is a well informed journal. Even the abbreviated form of oath furnished by Mr. Dillon would be a moral emetic to any true Irish Nationalist:

CHICAGO, Ill., Aug. 13.—*To the Editor:* Some time ago you published in THE CITIZEN a lengthy form of oath which you said had been taken by the Irish members of parliament, and upon which you commented editorially. There was nothing in your editorial comment that I could find fault with, assuming the truth of your assertion that the men you named had in fact taken such an oath. Feeling very certain that no such oath had in fact been taken, I wrote to my brother enclosing him a copy of the alleged oath, as published by you, and asking him to send me the correct form. I had a letter from him a few days ago in which he says: "I cannot now lay my hand upon the letter in which you sent me an alleged copy of the oath we take when taking our seats in the house. It was a grotesque fabrication. The oath is very brief—'I swear to bear true and faithful allegiance to her majesty Queen Victoria.' This oath, of course, Mr. Parnell took several times." Kindly publish this correction and oblige, yours truly,
W. DILLON.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY has been re-elected chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party. Tim Healy still growls at him, and keeps a couple of fiery eyes fixed on the melancholy features of John Dillon.

THE A. P. A. have not yet screwed their courage to the sticking point in regard to Supt. Martin White and his policemen at Omaha. Nearly all the decent people of Omaha favor White, who is a good officer and whose only "crime," in the eyes of the bigots, is that he is a Catholic. The A. P. A. have attacked the liberal Protestant Americans of Omaha quite as bitterly as they have the Catholic Irish and other "foreigners." This action is their death blow. "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first dement."

"THE Queen's O'Driscoll," who cut such a ridiculous figure at the World's Fair, with his crimson beard and brick colored hair, both parted in the middle, got a terrible thrashing when he sought re-election in Ireland recently. Well, God is still good to the Irish.

THE Irish-Americans of Memphis, Tenn., have indorsed the New Movement in an emphatic manner. Owing to pressure on our space, we are compelled to hold over a report of their proceedings until next week.

M'AVOY'S LIFE GIVING MALT MARROW

The greatest material blessing God bestows upon man, woman or child is perfect health. Nobody can be happy, in the true sense of the word, who is not healthy. The foundation of good health is good nourishment. It might as reasonably be expected that a fine exotic could grow on sterile soil, as to expect a perfect human being to develop from the use of improper food. The child, according to sex, is the father of the man, or the mother of the woman. If the foundation of good health is not laid in infancy, any subsequent attempt to build a superstructure on a defective base will be found disappointing in the extreme. What, then, should be the first aim of all newly made parents? Obviously to insure the health of the child, by giving it life-giving sustenance. Nature, or rather the artificial condition in which all civilized people live more or less, is sometimes niggardly in regard to the natural food supply of young mothers to their infants. They are often compelled to resort to the nursing bottle, and to use milk not always to be depended upon as a creator of health and strength. Even naturally healthy children seldom thrive on such nursing. The most eminent doctors of the world hold that the sustenance derived from the mother is the great building-up material of the infantile constitution.

Thousands of young mothers, almost in despair, looked around for some beverage capable of supplying the mammary deficiency. This want, which was more than long felt, has been abundantly supplied by the enterprising McAvoy Brewing Company, founded many years ago by the late respected and lamented J. H. McAvoy, its first president; and now under the presidency of another well known and highly regarded citizen, Austin J. Doyle. This firm evolved from the purest of malt and hops the now famous tonic beverage, called Malt Marrow, which has been the salvation of multitudes of nursing mothers and debilitated invalids. It has received thousands of recommendations from leading physicians not alone of Chicago, but of all surrounding cities, and, in fact, of the whole United States. The sales continue to increase with magical rapidity, and the universal verdict is that it is one of the most agreeable tonics ever manufactured in this or any other country. The percentage of alcohol in its composition is very small, the malt and hops, judiciously combined, being depended upon to render the tonic all that can be desired in taste and quality. It is not sterilized to so high a degree as imported malt extracts, and is, in consequence, fresher and more palatable. The beverage is put up in full sixteen ounce bottles, and is delivered in any part of the city promptly on order. The country trade is also promptly attended to, the tonic being shipped to customers in convenient packages.

No household should be without this invaluable ally of the human health, and all nursing mothers and pining invalids should insist on being supplied at once with McAvoy's health giving Malt Marrow. Don't forget that the telephone number of the office is 257 South.

O'NEILL'S DEFIANCE.

BY CUCHULLIN.

The following spirited poem was written many years ago by an anonymous poet, who signed himself "Cuchullin." He follows very closely the Irish provincial pronunciation of the historic name of O'Neill, viz, *O'Nale*. It is supposed to be Hugh O'Neill's reply to an envoy of Queen Elizabeth, August 1598:

"Go tell your surly, Saxon queen
I value not her might—
My arm is strong, my sword is keen
To strike for Ireland's right:
Go say I serve not as she wills,
Her bribes shall not prevail—
I tread my own, my native hills,
My title's The O'Neill!

"The hy-Niall race for ages trod
These hills and mountains blue;
They lived, and loved and worshipp'd God,
As freemen still should do;
And tho' their graves are 'round us now,
Their souls still watch the Gael,
And by their souls no bawd shall bow
The glorious Clan O'Neill!

"I'll hunt the wolf, I'll chase the roe,
From mountain pass to plain,
Nor flood nor fen, nor fence nor foe
Shall dare to check my rein!
These lands are mine, these wild-woods all,
From Maghera to the Pale,
And here I'll stand, or here I'll fall
As should the chief O'Neill!

"For Ireland's right my sword I'll draw,
E'en should I draw alone,
And while I live no foreign law
Shall overawe Tyrone!
I'll be no earl, nor Saxon lord,
I spurn their base entail,
It holds its own on Ulster sward—
The Red Hand of O'Neill!

"Then speed thee back to England's Queen,
And tell her this from me—
My own, my native isle so green
Shall from her bonds be free!
Go say the Red Hand dreads not death,
No tyrants make it pale,
'My foot is on my native heath'—
My title's the O'Neill!"

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' EMPORIUM.

Good housekeeping is the pride of every well-balanced female mind. A home, or dwelling, ill-kept and ill-furnished may be an abiding place, but not a home, in the full and true sense of that sacred term. Many people would like to furnish their homes well, if they could afford the cost thereof, but, ordinarily, nice furniture, at a reasonable price, is beyond the financial range of young couples, especially those who are making their opening battle with the waves on the ocean of life. Fortunately this difficulty is obviated by the business enterprise of the John M. Smyth Company, Nos. 150 to 166 West Madison street, where furniture and house furnishings of all kinds, from the costliest grades to those that are more within popular reach, can be obtained at prices that always favor the customer, leaving the firm only a reasonable margin of profit. The anxious inquiry of the worried matron, How can I properly furnish my home? is readily answered for her if she will make a trip to John M. Smyth Co.'s Town Market, where her eyes may feast on an array of desirable goods of a quality warranted to look and wear well for a very long period. In the matter of parlor and chamber furniture, carpets, curtains, draperies, rugs, stoves, glassware, hardware and kitchenware in general, pictures and other adornments, the array of goods is unrivaled. No firm has given greater satisfaction to its customers, which accounts for the enormous trade of the John M. Smyth Co.—a trade which has had hardly a parallel in growth in any line, and certainly not in its own line, in this city or in the country at large. It is now the largest furniture house in the United States and probably in the world. And this gigantic business was created by the work of one enterprising, energetic man, he whose name gives title to the firm. Mr. Smyth received his education in the Chicago public schools, and began commercial life at an early age. He has been engaged in his present business for more than a quarter of a century, and has given to it that strict personal attention, which can alone insure commercial success. Although justly distinguished as an active and patriotic citizen, Mr. Smyth is pre-eminently a business man, and the stamp of his genius is placed on the establishment which has grown to such gigantic proportions under his guidance.

LEMONT'S NEW CHURCH.

The cornerstone of the new St. Patrick's church, Lemont, Ill., of which Father M. O'Sullivan is the pastor, will be laid on Sunday, Aug. 18. The Rev. M. J. Dorney, of St. Gabriel's church in this city, will deliver the sermon. The new church, when completed, will have a seating capacity of 700 persons. It will be in the Gothic style of architecture, and built of Lemont stone, handsomely trimmed with Bedford stone; it will be heated with steam, and lighted by electricity. The estimated cost of the edifice is $20,000, most of which has already been collected. Trains leave the Union Depot, Canal and Adams streets, via. the Chicago & Alton Railroad, at 9 o'clock Sunday morning, and arrive at Lemont an hour later.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The large audiences which continuously crowd the Schiller prove that the public realizes that the season of "Little Robinson Crusoe" is rapidly drawing to a close. There now remains little more than a week in which to witness this charming and amusing musical burlesque. The triumphant three months' run of "Crusoe" is exceptional in the interest and favor with which it has been received by the public, but it must positively end on Saturday evening, Aug. 24, as "Crusoe" is to be produced in St. Louis the following evening, and the advance sale there is already so large that it is safely estimated the receipts will amount to fully $12,000 the first week. Not to have seen "Little Robinson Crusoe" is to have missed one of the brightest, prettiest, daintiest, exquisitely melodious and happily comical burlesques ever put on the American stage. Eddie Foy, the star comedian, as Dare Devil Willie, has made the greatest success of his career. He has kept thousands laughing till their sides ached, for the last three months. In this present Third Edition there are all the great popular hits that have been make by Marie Dressler, Adele Farrington, Sadie MacDonald, Marie Cahill, Frank H. White, Foy's topical songs, the great "Trilby" burlesque, the marvelous shipwreck scene, the mirth convulsing "cake walk" dance with the pickaninnies or little darkies as a special feature. Great is "Crusoe," and only one more week in which to see it.

A specially great night at the Schiller will be Tuesday evening, Aug. 20, when Max Godenrath, assistant manager, and Mr. Al Beaumont, superintendent of advertising, will be tendered a joint benefit, as a recognition by Manager Thomas W. Prior of the valuable services of these gentlemen in promoting, for the past two seasons, the interests and popularity of the Schiller theatre, and the interests, comfort and convenience of the amusement public.

THE PASS OF PLUMES.

(A. D. 1599).

BY R. D. WILLIAMS.

"Look out," said O'More to his clansmen, "afar—
Is yon white cloud the herald of tempest or war?
Hark! know you the roll of the foreigners' drums?
By heaven! Lord Essex in panoply comes,
With corslet, and helmet, and gay bannerol,
And the shields of the nobles with blazon and scroll;
And, as snow on the larch in December appears,
What a winter of plumes on that forest of spears!
To the clangor of trumpets and waving of flags
The clattering cavalry prance o'er the crags;
And their plumes—By St. Kyran! false Saxon, ere night,
You shall wish these fine feathers were wings for your flight.

Shall we leave all the blood and the gold of the Pale
To be shed at Armagh and be won by O'Neill?
Shall we yield to O'Ruarc, to McGuire, and O'Donnell,
Brave chieftains of Breffny, Fermanagh —Tyrconnell;
Yon helmets, that 'Erick'* thrice over would pay
For the Sassenach heads they'll protect not today?
No! By red Mullaghmast, fiery clansmen of Leix,
Aveng your sires' blood on their murderers' race.
Now, sept of O'Moore, fearless sons of the heather,†
Fling your scabbards away, and strike home and together!

Then loudly the clang of commingled blows,
Upswell'd from the sounding fields,
And the joy of a hundred trumps arose,
And the clash of a thousand shields
And the long plumes danc'd, and the falchions rung,
And flash'd the whirl'd spear,
And the furious barb through the wild war sprung,
And trembled the earth with fear;
The fatal bolts exulting fled,
And hiss'd as they leap'd away;
And the tortur'd steed on the red grass bled,
Or died with a piercing neigh.

I see their weapons crimson'd—I hear the mingled cries
Of rage and pain and triumph, as they thunder to the skies.
The coolun'd kern rushes upon armor, knight, and mace,
And bone and brass are broken in his terrible embrace!
The coursers roll and struggle; and the riders, girt in steel,
From their saddles, crush'd and cloven, to the purple heather reel,
And shatter'd there, and trampled by the charger's iron hoof,
The seething brain is bursting thro' the crashing helmet's roof.
Joy! Heaven strikes for Freedom! and Elizabeth's array,
With her paramour to lead 'em, are sore beset today.

Their heraldry and plumery, their coronets and mail,
Are trampled on the battlefield, or scatter'd on the gale!
As the cavalry of ocean, the living billows bound,
When lightnings leap above them, and thunders clang around,
And tempest-crested dazzlingly, caparison'd in spray,
They crush the black and broken rocks, with all their roots away;
So charg'd the stormy chivalry of Erin in her ire—
Their shock the roll of ocean, their swords electric fire—
They rose like banded billows that when wintry tempests blow,
The trembling shore, with stunning roar and dreadful wreck o'erflow.

And where they burst tremendously, upon the bloody groun',
Both horse and man, from rere to van, like shiver'd barks, went down.
Leave your costly Milan hauberks, haughty nobles of the Pale,
And your snowy ostrich feathers as a tribute to the Gael.
Fling away gilt spur and trinket, in your hurry, knight and squire,
They will make our virgins ornaments or decorate the lyre.
Ho! Essex! how your vestal Queen will storm when she hears
The "Mere Irish" chased her minion and his twenty thousand spears!

Go! tell the royal virgin that O'Moore, McHugh, O'Neill,
Will smite the faithless stranger while there's steel in Innisfail.
The blood you shed shall only serve more deep revenge to nurse,
And our hatred be as lasting as the tyranny we curse:
From age to age consuming, it shall blaze a quenchless fire,
And the son shall thirst and burn still more fiercely than his sire.
By our sorrows, songs, and battles—by our cromleachs, raths, and tow'rs—
By sword and chain, by all our slain—between your race and ours
Be naked glaives and yawning graves, and ceaseless tears and gore.
Till battle's flood wash out in blood your footsteps from the shore!

*Fine for manslaughter in the Irish code. †The O'Moores wore a sprig of heather in their helmets.

THE KEELEY BREWING COMPANY.

The name of the Keeley Brewing Co. is a household phrase in Chicago and its tributary territory. Founded by the late Michael Keeley, one of the most enterprising men of affairs this city has known, in 1878, it has advanced with rapid strides to the front rank among local breweries. One of the great reasons of its success is that it was founded at a time when the public taste was in what might be called a transition state as between the use of ale and beer. Most of the American people, whether on account of constitutional or climatic differences of condition, reject the heavier ales and beers of Europe and take kindly to the light and healthful beverage manufactured in America. Prince Battenberg, of Germany, when recently in this city, said to a reporter for a daily paper, the *Tribune*, we think—that the American beer, and especially the beer brewed in the West, is the best in the world. Mr. Keeley, with the unerring intuition of business talent saw the coming change and took advantage of it, producing a beer that sprung at once into popularity. He spared no pains in extending the scope of its sales, working with a vigor peculiar to his character, until he advanced the Keeley Brewing Company to a state of prosperity that astonished the public and spurred competitors to greater efforts in order to keep pace with their energetic rival. Mr. Keeley was always particular in regard to the quality of beer produced by the firm, and that is a chief reason why its sale has increased and multiplied so rapidly. When the founder of the corporation passed away from earth some seven years ago, he was succeeded in the business by his sons, Thomas F. and Eugene M. Keeley, who are respectively president and secretary of the Keeley Brewing Company. The young men, from the outset, displayed a grasp of the situation and an energy of action worthy of their father, and, under their regime, the business has continued to prosper exceedingly, until now only one or two of the breweries doing business in Cook county exceed it in the volume of sales. Building upon building has been added to the original establishment, as the requirements of the trade arose, until now the brewery buildings, which are models of practical architecture, form an immense quadrangle, covering several acres, on Groveland Park avenue and Twenty-eighth street. These buildings, and the grounds containing them, constitute a gigantic landmark in the central southeastern portion of the city. As the beer product of the firm is reckoned by all dealers among the very best in the American market, it is no wonder that it continues to advance in popularity, and that the Keeley Brewing Company is one of the most flourishing business institutions in the United States.

GAELIC PROSE.

Toruigheacht an Ghilla Dheacair agus a chapaill is so.

(AIR LEANANMAIN)

Is ann sin d'éirigh an fhairrge i n-a h-uathbhás iongantach biaoiscghéimneach, agus i n-a bróintibh borba breacuallacha baoththroma, agus i n-a cnocaibh corracha camthacha ceanngbruamdha, agus i n-a bruachaibh dorcha dubha dosgaoilte, agus i n-a tonnaibh crsoisleathna chnisgheala, agus i n-a maoileannaibh mongruadha mire michéillidhe, agus i n-a srothaibh gaibhtheacha glaisiomdha, agus i n-a llantibh luchtmhara leathan-gharbha li-ualne. Ba cheol codalta agus ba moch-chorrughadh maidne d'Fhionn agus d'á mhuintir bheith ag eisteacht le co-cheadal na mara mongrualdhe mórfhairsinge ag cronán agus ag conghár agus ag colmndeacht le sleasaibh agus le bordaibh na loinge i rabhadar.

Trí lá agus teora oidhche d'Fhionn agus d'á mhuintir nach bh-facadar treobh eriche inse no oiléin. I g-cionn na ré sin éirghios fear de mhuintir Fhinn i g-corr tosaigh na loinge agus do chonnaire garbh-ait glas-mhór uaidh, agus do sporadar an long d'ionsaighidh na h-aille sin, agus fuaradar carraig cerchaille comhdhaingen ar bhruach na h-aille, agus sa sleimhne na mong eascoinne i n-iochtar aibhne i sleasa, agus do fuaradar long an Ghilla Dheacair ag dul d'ionsaighidh na carraige agus ni bh-fuair aon long ag á fhágbháil. Do labhair Fergus Finnbheoil, ollamh Fhinn, an trá sin agus adubhairt, "Is meata agus is mi-threorach do theichis, a Dhiarmaid Ui Dhuibhne," ar se, "oir is ag Manannán móreúmhachtach mac Lir do rinnis fóghlaim agus oileambain i d-Tir Thairrngire i g-criochaibh na g-cuan, agus ag Aongus Og mac an Daghda do beachtmháineadh tú, agus is eugcóir nach bh-fuil cuid d'á n-goil no d'á n-gaisgeadh agad agus Fionn agus a mhuintir do bhreith i n-aghaidh na buinne no na carraige se." Dearg thar fá ghnáis Dhiarmada a h-aithle na m-briathar sin, agus beirios ar chrannaibh buadha Mhanannáin do bhi aige, agus ar n-aithdheargadh do Dhiarmad d'éirigh sé de leim agus de chleasaibh goile os crannaibh a chraoiseach no gur ghaibh lán a dhá bhonn de'n talamh trom-fhódach ar bhruach na fairrge. Feuchas mac Ui Duibhne faoi sios ar Fhionn agus ar a mhuintir, agus gidh go m-ba mhian leis dul sios nior fheud Fionn no a mhuintir do bhreith suas. Fágbhas mac Ui Dhuibhne an charraig i n-a dhiaigh agus ni fada do chualdh an uair do chonnaire an fiodh fásaigh fóithreamhail, agus na coillte diona dosmhóra duilleabhair is mó fuaim srotha, foghar gaoithe, glór eun, agus dórd beach dar shuibhal sriamh. Do bhi mac Ui Dhuibhne ag siúbhal an mhaighe anoir agus anlar andeas agus adtualdh agus feuchain d'á d-tug se ualdh do chonnaire an bile fiesgach fóithghésgach ar an máigh, agus carraig commhor cloiche ag an m-bile, agus benn bláithghéar buabhaill ar bheinn na carraige. Agus do bhi tart agus tiormlach ar mhac Ui Dhuibhne i n-diaigh siubhal na mara, agus do b'áil leis lán na beinne buabhaill d'uisge na tiobraide d'ól, agus cromas uirri, agus do chualaidh an tarann agus an trostán mór d'á ionsaighidh. Tuigios mac Ui Dhuibhne gur de gheasaibh na tiobraide gan aon bhraon d'á h-uisge d'ól. Acht adubhairt seisean leis fein, "olfad mo dhóithin de."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

Wisconsin Resorts.

Excursion tickets are now on sale by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to Burlington, Elkhorn, Delavan, Milwaukee, Pewaukee, Hartland, Nashotah, Kilbourn, Sparta, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Lake Minnetonka, Tomahawk, Minocqua, Elkhart Lake, Ontonagon and all resorts of Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Michigan Peninsula, and the Northwest. Special low rates made on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday of each week to Wisconsin resorts. For rates, time tables, and further information, apply at Ticket Office, 95 Adams street, or Union Passenger Station, Canal, Adams and Madison streets.

THE COOKE BREWING COMPANY.

The majority of the people of this country have become acquainted with the Cooke Brewing Company of Chicago by the excellence of the beer it has manufactured ever since it was incorporated. It was the only company owned and directed by men of Irish birth and blood that displayed the beers of its own manufacture at the World's Columbian Exposition held in Chicago in the summer and fall of 1893. It was the only Chicago brewing company that received seven gold medals and awards on the purity of its goods. The brands it produces are as follows: Cooke's Imperial beer; Cooke's Export beer; Pilsener and Select table beer. This company has fought for and maintained its independence, and is still fighting for that principle as well as the liberty of its customers and consumers. Under its policy, the direct retail traders are free to buy their goods from any brewing company in the world. The Cooke Brewing Company is willing to stand on the merit of its beers. Bottled beers of this company are delivered in any part of the city free of charge, and at popular prices. Mr. John S. Cooke, president of the company, is one of the best known Irish-Americans, not alone in Chicago, but in the United States, and, like most progressive and successful Chicagoans, has been the architect of his own fortunes.

O'DONNELL ABOO.

BY M. J. M'CANN.

(Time: Aug. 15, 1599.)

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale,
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale,
On, ev'ry mountaineer,
Strangers to flight and fear
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh,
Bonnaught and gallowglass,
Throng from each mountain pass,
On, for old Erin, O'Donnell Aboo!

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing
With many a chieftain and warrior clan.
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing,
'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann;
Many a heart shall quail
Under its coat of mail,
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,
When on his ear shall ring,
Borne on the breezes' wing,
Tyrconnell's dread war-cry—O'Donnell Aboo!

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling!
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain;
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling,
All, all who would scare them are banished or slain!
Grasp every stalwart hand,
Hagbut and battle-brand,
Pay them all back the debt so long due;
Norreys and Clifford well
Can of Tyrconnell tell;
Onward to glory—O'Donnell Aboo!

Sacred the cause of Clan-Conal's defending,
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending—
Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.
On with O'Donnell, then,
Fight the old fight again,
Sons of Clan-Conal, all valiant and true,
Make the false Saxon feel
Erin's avenging steel!
Strike for your country—O'Donnell Aboo!

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove engths, $6. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
503 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

A. F. CONROY, D.D.S.
DENTIST.
122 Wabash Av., Cor. Madison St.
FIFTH FLOOR.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1004 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF PETER JOYCE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Peter Joyce, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1895.
NORA JOYCE, Administratrix.

H.R.EAGLE

Some of the bargains we will offer during this sale are:

Pint Genuine Mason Fruit Jars	4 cents
A 6-Quart Porcelain-Lined Preserve Kettle	19 cents
Whole Nutmegs, per lb	29 cents
Whole China Cinnamon, per lb	8 cents
Whole Sifted Black Pepper, per lb	8 cents
Pure Ground Pepper, Pure Ground Mustard, Pure Ground Ginger — Per lb.	9 cents
10-gallon kegs Pure Cider Vinegar for	$1.25
3-lb cans Clam Chowder, per can	10 cents
1-lb cans Alaska Salmon, per can	9 cents
3-lb cans Best Baked Beans, per can	9 cents
2-lb cans Sugar Corn, per can	4 cents
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes, per can	4½ cents
2-lb cans Gooseberries, per can	5 cents
2-lb cans Table Blackberries, per can	5 cents
2-lb cans Preserve Strawberries	12½ cents
Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, per bar	2½ cents
Red Seal Lye, 98 p.c. pure, per can	5 cents
10-lb pkg Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour	19 cents
Extra Cocoa Shells, per lb	1 cent
Shoe Dressing, for ladies' shoes, per bottle	5 cents
California Dried Peaches, per lb	3½ cents
California Loose Muscatel Raisins, per lb	3 cents
Cocoanut Oil Toilet Soap, per doz	19 cents
Marechal Neil Toilet Soap, per box of three	19 cents
Honey or Glycerine Toilet Soap, per doz	35 cents
14-foot Fancy Braided Mexican Hammock	39 cents
3-lb boxes Fancy Laundry Starch	14 cents
Fresh Ginger Snaps, per lb	3½ cents

SPECIAL SALE OF COFFEES.

Fancy Roasted Macassar Java Coffee, per lb	34 cents
Roasted Old Government Java Coffee, per lb	30 cents
After-Dinner Java Coffee, per lb (It pleases more people than any coffee in town).	25 cents
Roasted Golden Rio Coffee, per lb	23 cents
Good Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb	20 cents
Roasted or Ground Coffee, per lb	10 cents

FLOUR.

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour $3.79

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.'s "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour in Bags:

25-lb Bags, each	47 cents
50-lb Bags, each	95 cents
98-lb Bags, each	$1.90
PURCELL'S BEST ST. LOUIS WINTER WHEAT, brl	$3.39
BOHEMIAN RYE FLOUR, per brl	$3.49

We make a specialty of the "Out-of-Town" trade. We can SAVE you money on every article you eat, wear or use. Write us.

The Finest Japan Teas

That are grown come from the Yokohama District of Japan. We engaged the entire crop of one of the largest and best plantations of the Yowamrishi Company of Yokohama, and have had it gathered with great care and packed in Yokohama in the size packages that we thought would suit our trade best. In chest of 65 lbs. and caddies of 5 and 10 lbs. and also in packages of 3 lbs. For the quality of this tea, would say it will not be equalled by any one in this country for fine flavor. It is from the first pickings and has been fired to suit the tastes of our patrons. Try it once and you will use none but the

J. Ambrosia Uncolored Japan Tea, 35 Cents a Pound.

TOBACCO.

Lorillard's Climax Plug, per lb	32 cts	Sweet Clippings, per lb	12 cts
Yale Smoking, per lb	$1.45	Tansill's Punch Cigars, per 100	$2.50
Marburg Pickings, per lb	$1.00	Manuel Garcia Cigars, per 100	$3.00
LaFayette Mixture, per lb	65 cts	Rosina Donita Cigars, per 100	$1.00
Plow Boy Smoking, per lb	26½ cts		

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

68 & 70 WABASH AVENUE.

WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH THE

BEST JAPAN

TEA

IN THE WORLD

AT 50 CENTS PER POUND.

JOHN SEXTON & CO.,

20 & 22 STATE STREET.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.
We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.
Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

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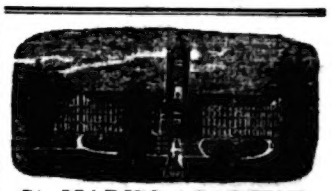

St. MARY'S ACADEMY.

(One Mile West of Notre Dame University.)

The 80th Academic Term Will Open Monday, Sept. 2, 1895.

The Academic Course is thorough in the Preparatory, Senior and Classical Grades. Music Department, on the plan of the best Conservatories of Europe, is under charge of a complete corps of teachers. Studio modeled on the great Art Schools of Europe. Drawing and Painting from life and the antique. Phonography and Type-Writting taught. Buildings equipped with Fire Escapes. A separate department for children under 13. Apply for catalogue to Directress of the Academy.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
Notre Dame P. O., St. Joseph Co., Ind.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Circuit Court. The People of the State of Illinois ex rel David Gore vs. Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company that the undersigned was, on the 2nd day of January, 1895, duly appointed Receiver of said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company; and that all persons holding any claim or claims against said Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company are hereby notified to present the same under oath or affirmation within ninety days from this date, whether said claims are due or not.

R. D. WALSH,
Receiver of the Mississippi Valley Homestead & Loan Company, Rooms 700-701, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago.
Dated this 31st day of July, A. D. 1895.
Johnson & McDannold,
1213 Ashland Block, Attorneys.

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET,

Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

BARGAINS IN

DIAMONDS

AT

KASPER & BARNES,

McVICKER'S THEATRE BUILDING.

OPEN EVENINGS.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 1004 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF ROSANNA McNAMARA, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Rosanna McNamara, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of October, A. D. 1895, being the 21st day thereof.
Dated Chicago, August 5, 1895.
ELLEN ROSANNA MURRAY,
Administratrix.

THE FOOD OF DOGS.

VEGETABLES AN IMPORTANT ARTICLE OF THEIR DIET.

An Enthusiast Who Disputes the Claim That the Dog of Today Is a Carnivorous Animal—Supported by the Testimony of Veterinarians and Observation.

It seems strange to me, strange that, in the light of such broad, everyday evidence, there are those who still maintain that the dog is a carnivorous animal exclusively, and that a vegetable diet is injurious to him, or at least unhealthful and improper, and that the dog in his nature is much the same as he was in a wild state—a meat eating, bloodthirsty animal, ever vigilant to kill and destroy. The life of the dog today, the practical, everyday habits of the dog as a companion to civilized people, is enough of itself to refute this theory. Dogs eat vegetable food and thrive on it. Many eminent physicians and vegetarians teach us that animal food fed to the dog without a large proportion of vegetable food is sure to produce vitiated blood, organic trouble of the liver, stomach and kidneys, and to a certainty obnoxious skin diseases—mange, eczema, etc. These results, coming as they do directly from feeding meat, are a proof of the unwholesomeness of meat as an article of diet. We have the testimony of the best vegetarians—Glover, Sherwood, "Ashmont," Mills, etc.—which should settle the scientific phase of the question.

We have the evidence of the dog's fondness for vegetable food to settle the natural features of the question.

It is true that at some time in the past, so far back that the mind or knowledge of man cannot reach, when the dog was in the wild state, and when he was forced to eat meat or starve to death, he was carnivorous. While he has the capabilities of living on vegetable food, nature seems to be remiss in furnishing him with the correct teeth for grinding, such as we observe in the horse, ox, sheep and goats. This is surely a remarkable instance of adaptability, as we observe in only one other animal, and that is man himself.

No doubt all these changes in the nature of the dog have been brought about by domesticity; the association with man and the consequent impressions and education which have been transmitted from generation to generation through centuries, till at last what was mere education became natural and hereditary.

Man himself has changed greatly in his nature from civilization or the association in a state of society, which has beneficent effects in enlarging his mind, improving his body and adding to his knowledge.

These effects, while not so pronounced, are quite noticeable in all the animals under his dominion, the horse, the ox, the dog and the cat, which in its wild state is the most bloodthirsty and cruel of all animals and has withstood the beneficial effects of associating with man to a degree exceeding that of any other animal. Still the nature of the cat has been much softened and improved by its life in domesticity, and it, too, is gradually changing from a meat eating animal to an eater of vegetables.

With the testimony of our best professional men, the testimony of many owners of dogs and the testimony of the dog's natural craving for vegetable food, and the good health which follows living on a vegetable diet, is it not astonishing that there should be any person who claims that a diet of meat alone is proper for our dogs? In the light of modern science and experience the old fashioned notions are gradually being swept away to the oblivion which overtakes the misbeliefs left in the rear by progress.

It is possible that the habits of the dog as they are acquired about the home of his master may not be considered as containing complete evidence of his whole nature. Then I offer one or two traits which I observed while on a visit in the south in the past year, and which I was informed were so common and well known in that section as to occasion no remark.

The native negro dogs and hounds will visit the cornfields and tear off the green ears from the growing corn and eat them with relish and avidity. They also will visit the persimmon trees and eat the ripe fruit which has fallen to the ground. Dogs have a regular route from one persimmon tree to another, sometimes long distances from home, which they travel daily, so dearly do the crave for the fruit. All this evidence convinces me that the dog is naturally a vegetarian now, no matter what he was in a wild state.—Forest and Stream.

Dirt and Health.

The old saying that dirt is healthful no longer holds its ground in the light of modern research. Not all dirt is actually disease producing, it is true, but all places where filth accumulates or where there is decaying matter of any kind are very likely to afford abode and sustenance to any disease germs which may be floating about in the air. Here they multiply and wax strong and lie in wait to attack the first animal or human being that comes along, whose vital forces are not strong enough to bar the entrance of these microscopic enemies. No soiled clothing should lie about sleeping apartments, no rubbish should accumulate in the attic, no rotten rags under the sink, no decaying vegetables in the cellar, no soiling matter or dust anywhere. Disease microbes do not crawl about actively like flies. They are invisible, living, organic dust and can often be gotten rid of as such. The greatest sanitary safety lies in absolute cleanliness.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Practical Advice.

"Keep your temper, laddie. Never quarrel wi' an angry person, specially a woman. Mind ye, a soft answer's aye best. It's commanded, and, forbye, it makes them far madder than onything else ye could say."—London Tit-Bits

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc, made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.00 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at THE CITIZEN office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,

69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

NEW YORK CLUBS.

An Increasing Disposition to Investigate the Qualities of Candidates.

It is becoming harder rather than easier to get into reputable New York clubs. Nearly every important club has a long waiting list, and there is an increasing disposition to question narrowly the character and reputation of a man seeking admission. A few clubs elect members at a general club meeting. This is a cumbersome method, and most clubs leave the matter in the hands of the board of trustees. The latter often practically delegates its responsibility to a committee on admissions. When the committee does its duty, it parcels out among its members the names of those seeking election and requires them to investigate the reputation of the candidates. The proposer and the seconder are questioned and are asked to give other references, so that the candidate may be further investigated. The good natured habit of seconding the nomination of men with whom the seconder is unacquainted is one of which the admissions committee thoroughly disapproves, and it has been suggested, as a remedy against reckless proposing and seconding, that those who are responsible for a man's presence in a club shall make good his default if he gets into the club's debt and neglects to pay up.

No club fully indicates the prerequisites to membership, because in most cases it is tacitly understood that, whatever the opinions or tastes that are expected of an applicant for election, he must, above all, be that somewhat indefinite thing, a gentleman. If a club is very small, the personal dislike of a single member for a candidate is likely to defeat his election. But in a large club a man is expected to put his personal dislikes aside when the question of admitting others to membership comes up. One of the oddest things in club life is the desire of some men to join clubs with whose declared objects they are at enmity or toward which they are indifferent. Every political association that is also a social club of good standing has some such incongruities.

Some clubs do not inquire so carefully as to the character and qualifications of men seeking admission as nonresidents as in the case of those seeking to come in as resident members. This sometimes results in the final reception into full membership of men that are out of sympathy with the objects of the club. Some men are entirely content to enjoy the immunities of nonresident membership when doing business in New York, a thing that most clubs do not permit. It was discovered not long ago that 50 nonresident members of a large club had offices in New York and should have been paying resident instead of nonresident dues.—New York Sun.

Rise of the Medical Profession.

During the mediæval times the monasteries, serving as centers of instruction, gave some embodiment to the medical profession, like that which our colleges give. In Italy there later arose institutions for educating physicians, as the medical school of Salerno in 1140. In France before the end of the thirteenth century the surgeons had become incorporated into a distinct college, following in this way the incorporated medical faculty, and while thus integrating themselves they excluded from their class the barbers, who, forbidden to perform operations, were allowed only to dress wounds, etc. In our own country there have been successive consolidations.

The barber surgeons of London were incorporated by Edward IV, and in the fifteenth century the College of Physicians was founded and "received power to grant licenses to practice medicine—a power which had previously been confined to the bishops." Progress in definiteness of integration was shown when in Charles I's time persons were forbidden to exercise surgery in London, and within seven miles, until they had been examined by the company of barbers and surgeons, and also when, by the eighteenth of George II, excluding the barbers, the Royal College of Surgeons was formed. At the same time there have grown up medical schools in various places which prepare students for examination by these incorporated medical bodies, further integrations being implied. Hospitals, too, scattered throughout the kingdom, have become places of clinical instruction, some united to colleges and some not. Another species of integration has been achieved by medical journals, weekly and quarterly, which serve to bring into communication educational institutions, incorporated bodies and the whole profession.—Herbert Spencer in Popular Science Monthly.

When Marco Polo Was Alarmed.

Regarding the use of bamboo as fuel, the following quaint lines from the book of Messer Marco Polo, the Venetian, form an interesting example of travelers' tales in those days when travelers were so few that there was little fear of their meeting with contradiction:

He says: "The people cut the green canes, of which there are vast numbers, and set fire to a heap of them at once. After they have been awhile burning they burst asunder, and this makes such a loud report that you might hear it ten miles off. In fact, any one unused to this noise who should hear it unexpectedly might easily go into a swoon or die of fright. But those who are used to it care nothing about it; hence those who are not used to it stuff their ears well with cotton and wrap up their heads and faces with all the clothes they can muster, and so they get along until they have become used to the sound. I tell you the truth, however, when I say that the first time you hear it nothing can be more alarming."—Chambers' Journal.

Changed His Location.

"I see Mrs. Allfire has had her late husband's likeness set in a miniature and wears him under her chin."

"H'm! She wore him under her thumb when he was alive."—Detroit Free Press.

PROMPTLY ANSWERED.

General Ryan's Conundrum Didn't Bother the Irishman For a Moment.

One of General Ryan's peculiarities is that he never tells the same story to the same man a second time. Not long ago he was talking about his travels in the United Kingdom. "I had always thought," said he, "that the famous Irish wit and repartee were only to be found on the stage or in Lever's novels, but I came away from Ireland with a very different idea.

"I was stopping at a little country inn, and a game of cards was in progress. I was invited to take a hand, and as an Americanized Irishman I thought I ought to keep up the reputation of the country for sociability. I asked what they were playing, and they replied 'Forty-five,' an old time Irish game. I told them that I barely knew the rules, but that I could play seven up, euchre or nearly any other American card game. But they insisted on my taking a hand, and I did so. One of the pages, who was standing at the back of my chair, watched my hand pretty closely, and the first time I made a bad play he said, sotto voce: 'Holy Moses, I niver see such a play in me loife. I wonder phwere the divil the mon cum from.' I paid no attention to him, of course, and went on with the game. The next time I made a bad play, and it wasn't very long, he again said, talking to himself, 'Bedad, niver did I see a mon play the loikes of that.' I began to be annoyed, but still I said nothing, although a man never likes to hear it said that he plays a game badly, but the man was talking to himself and meant no harm. However, when he broke out the third time I could contain myself no longer. I turned around and said, "Look here, my friend, are you playing these cards, or am I?' The Irishman looked at me for a moment, and then said, 'Nayther uv us, your honor, savin your prisince, sor.'

"I joined the rest of them in the langh, and said, 'Well, boys, order up; that puts 'em on me.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

HE KNEW JERSEY EGGS.

The Wise Printer Could Tell by Their Size and Shape.

Two printers lunched at a Park row restaurant the other day. One ordered "beef and" and the other two boiled eggs. When the eggs were placed before the one who ordered them, he said to his companion, "Why, those are Jersey eggs."

"How do you know they are Jersey eggs? They might have been laid in Pennsylvania or Kentucky for all you know."

"Well, I guess not. Those eggs came from Jersey, and I know it."

To prove it the proprietor was called into the discussion, and when asked he said the eggs were Jersey eggs.

Then the egg eater explained: "Over in Jersey the farmers, or some of them at least, use a board with holes, large and small, bored in it. All eggs that will go through the small holes are sent to market, and those which will only go through the large holes are reserved for home consumption."

Another printer devised a scheme for procuring good butter at his boarding house table. The landlady had two tables for her guests ranged one each side of a large room. At one the women boarders and married couples sat, while at the other table the bachelors were placed. At the women's table there was always good butter, but at the other the butter was emphatically inferior. A printer boarder suffered long and patiently, but at last he rebelled. He went to the dining room just before dinner one evening and changed the butter from one table to the other. A howl from the women's table shortly after had the desired effect.

The butter was of equally good quality at both tables thereafter.—New York Journal.

Ingalls on His Defeat.

Ex-Senator Ingalls, speaking of his defeat at Topeka in 1890 when he was a candidate for re-election, said: "When the returns came in and I saw how overwhelming my defeat was and what it meant to me—the end of 18 years' service in the American senate, possibly the end of my public life—I confess that agony was in my soul. It was a beautiful day. Everybody was watching me to see how I was going to take it—all my family. It was a tragic hour. I went over to my pasture and walked through the withered wood. There in a little grassy glade, sheltered from the autumnal breeze, the sun shining coldly down, I opened the windows of my spirit and let that whole thing in on me, and commanded my fortitude. I sat there in that little dell until the struggle was over, until I was master of myself."

Sunday Recreation.

Mrs. Ednah Cheney remarks: "It has always been my test for spending Sunday to see how one gets up on Monday morning. If on that morning work seems sweet and you are ready to do it heartily and happily, then you have spent your Sunday to some purpose. I don't care whether it is in church or out, in the fields or in your quiet home with a book in your hand, or playing and frolicking with the children. But however you have spent Sunday the test of it is that the dawn of Monday seems blessed and good and hopeful."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Similar.

Cynicus—My wife would like you to send around a quart of panperized milk.

Milk Dealer—I guess you mean pasteurized milk.

Cynicus—Very well, but I presume there isn't much difference.

At either pole the intensity of the solar heat is one-fourth greater than at the equator, because at the pole the sun shines during the whole 24 hours.

There are over 25 foreigners to the square mile in the state of New York.

A MAN OF RESOURCES.

This Dentist Was Willing to Accommodate His Patron.

The dentist didn't want to talk shop, he said, but he thought the story worth telling, so he told it. "Not long ago," he said, "a western railroad president came to New York, and one evening was invited to dine with some of his friends here. The dinner was a particularly jolly affair, and when the western man reached his hotel he was in a merry mood. It was his custom to place his set of false teeth under the pillow every night just before going to bed, and he was certain he had done so on this particular evening. Nevertheless in the morning he was unable to find them. Searching high and low in the room was of no avail, and finally he came to me for a new set.

"'How long will it take you to make them?' he asked. I told him four or five days. 'Can't listen to anything like that,' he replied. 'I'll give you triple money to make them in 24 hours.' You see people from Chicago think that money laughs at everything, even time.

"All my arguing with the old fellow did no good, so I set to work on his teeth. In the meantime, however, I told my assistant to hasten around to the old man's hotel and make a scientific search of his room. The westerner insisted that he had drunk no more wine than usual at the dinner, but I was satisfied that he was deceiving himself. I had not been long at the preliminary measurements when my assistant called me out and handed me the teeth. He had found them in the pillowcase, where the owner had put them instead of under the pillow.

"I returned the teeth and the railroad man was so overjoyed that he did not cancel the order, but told me to go ahead with the teeth. They might come in handy some time, he said. He even unbent so far as to admit that perhaps, after all, he had drunk a glass of wine too much the night before, and when I sent him my bill I received a check for double the amount from him."—New York Tribune.

THE BARBER'S REVENGE.

A Tale of a Talkative Tonsorial Artist and His Gruff Customer.

As he threw himself back into the embrace of the cushioned chair of a Union square barber shop he scowled fiercely at the barber and buried his face in the newspaper. But the barber didn't mind the ugly opening. He leaned over, garroted the tonsorial patient with a towel and painted his face with lather. When he had flipflapped a razor once or twice along the strop he began mildly:

"Nice day, sir."

"Oh, is it?" answered the other.

The barber looked startled, but he tried again.

"Paper says we're going to have nice weather now."

"Thanks," was the answer, "I know how to read myself."

At this rebuff the barber kept silence. But he shaved against the grain, tweaked the other's nose and daubed soap into the corner of his mouth. The gruff man swore softly, the barber smiled, and as a final act of violence grabbed the other by the top of the scalp and twisted his head until the cervical vertebræ creaked again.

"Say," cried the gruff man, "my head ain't no roulette wheel."

But still the barber shaved on in silence. He shaved and shaved, scraping the skin so close that it showed ragged under the blade. Then, leaning over, he grabbed a handful of raw and tender skin and rolled it between his fingers until the other groaned aloud. As the tear drops stole down the scarified face the barber administered the final taunt:

"Do you shave yourself, sir?"

"No," roared the gruff man, leaping up in the chair, "I shave my grandmother and sister's nieces."

Then he buried his face in the paper and the barber smiled and smiled and smiled, while he rubbed alum into the sore spots on the victim's chin.—New York World.

Water Wheels.

The point is made by a writer in one of the mechanical journals that the greatest obstacle now encountered in the successful operation of water wheels is, from an economical aspect, the too often entire absence of engineering skill in utilizing the power, and that many a water power would develop greater efficiency were it properly controlled and had the turbine been selected because of its adaptability to the conditions and been properly set. On their introduction, he remarks, turbines were used singly, but now they are used either singly or in sets of two or three or more, as expedient, and in batteries of sets; by the use, too, of iron or steel penstocks and feed pipes the expense of installing has been largely reduced and far greater economy in the use of water secured; the growing demand for large units of power has also been satisfied, so that whereas a few years back a 500 horsepower turbine was almost unheard of, turbines of 5,000 horsepower are now employed.

School Methods Abroad.

As a rule natural history and geography are more delightfully tanght in Prussia than here. We gladly use its maps, colored pictures and natural collections. School hygiene in Switzerland is enforced in wonderful ways. Skating vacations on well prepared icefields are prescribed, and there are vacation colonies and "milk cures" for the sickly. From Vienna comes the demand for more playgrounds under the care of experienced teachers maintained by the city and regularly attended.—Last Report of United States Commissioner of Education W. Harris.

Wanted to Know Too Much.

Broncho Bill—Whatcher shoot de tenderfoot fer?

Firewater Jako—W'y, de kid hed nerve ter ax me where I got five aces!—Syracuse Post.

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Div 10—P Cannon, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; Cornelius Lehan, R S, 2020 Dyer st; Thos Gallagher, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4330 Wentworth av.

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St Elizabeth's No 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Rahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 12 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmitt-schmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 12th st; R S, Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Kniebracht, 1057 s Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 169 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phœnix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 918 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Milchen. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Bihndauler, 460 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A G Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cyb urne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 223 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienle. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3208 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5722 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burke; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3000 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schaguemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3090 Joseph st; R S, T T Fraglio, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boutard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2901 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3040 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer 236 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Heimrath; T, P Mueller. Meets in Arnold W[illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Desse, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

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SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE. PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
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OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH — NO. 2488. PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping q

NAPOLEON'S ABDICATION.

He Was as Great in His Fall as in His Glory.

Napoleon had ridden nearly two hundred miles without rest, and all to no purpose. Going into the little posting-house near the fountain, he dropped into a chair, and, for an instant, rested his head upon the table. But, no! He must not sleep! he must work. He called for lights. He spread out the war-maps upon the table, and sticking his pins here and there, as was his custom, at once began to study the situation. Philip never forgot that scene—the gray of the morning, the group of silent soldiers, and, through the open door of the cottage, in the circle of flickering light, the tired and defeated leader of men poring over his maps, planning a new campaign.

But that campaign never came. Fate was too strong for him; and, yielding to the inevitable, Napoleon finally gave up his determination to make an instant march on Paris with the troops who were following him from the eastern frontier, and rode wearily to his palace at Fontainebleau, a few miles to the south.

Bad news travels quickly. And bad news speedily found its way to Fontainebleau. The Allies entered Paris. The city—"faithful Paris," as the Emperor had called it—instead of rising against the invaders, welcomed them. France was weary of war. The dignitaries of the empire, following the lead of Talleyrand, "that arch-conspirator," one by one deserted the emperor who had made them rich and loaded them with honors. They gave their allegiance to the new government. The white cockade and the white flag of the Bourbons appeared in the streets. "Long live the King!" began to be heard where "Long live the Emperor!" had so often been shouted. The abdication of the emperor was demanded, and fickle Paris at last made ready to welcome back the Bourbons whom, nearly a generation before, it had driven away in the days of terror.

Treason hastened the work. Napoleon's army, upon which he had depended for his revenge, dwindled away; and Marmont—brave Marmont, who had so valiantly defended Paris—went over with his entire corps, and forever after was esteemed a traitor by the France he hoped to serve and save.

The marshals, whom the emperor had raised to rank and riches, joined in the cry for his abdication. They conspired against their old leader; it is claimed they even doomed him to death if he refused to obey their will.

Then, deserted by his companions-in-arms, worn out with a useless struggle—loath, now, to bring about civil war by appeals to the people who were loyal and the old soldiers who were faithful to him,—Napoleon, with that serenity that marks a great soul, yielded to the inevitable, and, on April 11, 1814, signed his abdication.

This is the act of renunciation he signed—this victor, subjugated by Fate, and by his own ambition:

"The Allied Powers having proclaimed that the emperor is the sole obstacle to the re-establishment of peace in Europe, the emperor, faithful to his oath, declares that he renounces, for himself and for his family, the thrones of France and Italy, and that there is no sacrifice, even to that of his life, which he is not ready to make for the interests of France."

The tricolor had indeed fallen. The man who, for so many years, had given glory and greatness to France, who had distracted England with war, startled the whole Continent with his success, and filled the world with his name, stepped down from his throne, and Europe once more breathed freely. Great in everything he did, Napoleon was as great in his fall as in his glory. The Empire was dead.—*From "A Boy of the First Empire," by Elbridge S. Brooks, in August St. Nicholas.*

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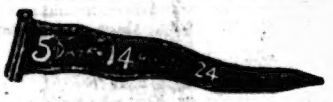

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